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FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This skirt is one of the season's attractions, and is an especially beautiful mode for combinations. In the present instance, plain silk, striped silk, and satin *merveilleux* are artistically combined. The short, round skirt is turned up at the bottom for a hem, under which is set a tiny box-plaiting of satin *merveilleux*, which makes up the length in a stylish manner. The skirt is of plain silk, and upon the gores is arranged a long *tablier*-drapery that is deeply slashed through the center and drawn gracefully back by plaits in the back edges. Upon the center of the *tablier* is arranged an ornamental drapery, which lends a quaint yet novel air to the garment. This drapery is deeply shirred at the top, slashed through the center and laid in plaits at the lower edges. It is of plain silk, lined to a little above the top of the slash with satin *merveilleux*, and then reversed so as to expose its hand-



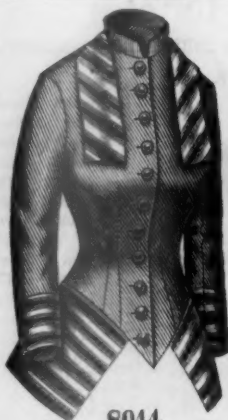
FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents.

The straw bonnet is trimmed with satin and tips.

some lining and present the fashionable *panier* effect, the plaited edges being sewed in with the side-back seams. The back-drapery falls in handsome, straight folds nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and is of plain silk. A large sash-bow of satin *merveilleux* is tacked near the top of the drapery and charmingly enhances the modish effect of the costume.

The basque is perfect in fit, and is of the plain silk. Its fronts close with buttons and button-holes to a little below the waistline, and then round away in jaunty, cut-away fashion. Upon the center of its handsome back is a shirred skirt-section of satin *merveilleux*, and about the high neck is a neat military collar. The sleeves are finished with deep cuff-facings. The pattern to the costume is No. 8003, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46



8044

LADIES' COAT BASQUE.

No. 8044.—The pattern to this pretty basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require 3 yards of plain material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of striped goods, each 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8003

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8003.—A tasteful combination of plain and brocade suit goods and satin is portrayed in this elegant costume, but one or two materials may be employed instead, if preferred. A handsome selection for a Summer toilette of this shape would be plain and brocade sateen, which material bears a close resemblance to the rich satin brocade. One costume of this fabric shows the skirt of pale blue and the over-dress of blue and gold brocade, with decorations of pale blue Spanish lace. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain goods and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocade 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocade 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8042

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8042.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The basque, for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8000

Front View.



8000

Back View.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 8000.—This costume is one of the prettiest of this season's modes and is made up in light-textured suiting of a basket pattern in the present instance. Any variety of suiting, whether washable or otherwise, may be made up in this way, with whatever decoration may be desired. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. In making the costume for a miss of 11 years, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8010****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 8010.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**8005****LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 8005.—This costume is made of fine, cream-white bunting and trimmed with the material and silk Moresque lace. It consists of a four-gored skirt with attached draperies, and a shirred, round waist. It may be made of grenadine, bunting, lawn, cambric, mull or any soft material, and decorated to please the taste of the wearer. To make the costume, without the trimming represented, for a lady of medium size, will require $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 40 cents.

**8036****LADIES' JACKET.**

No. 8036.—The pattern to this stylish garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, are required. Price, 30 cents.

**8025***Front View.***MISS'S COSTUME.**

No. 8025.—A simple, but exceedingly stylish, costume for a miss is here pictured. It unites a perfectly adjusted basque with a draped walking skirt,

**8025***Back View.*

and the tasteful decorations consist of the material, narrow braid and olive-shaped buttons. Any variety of material may be chosen for its construction, and any preferred trimming added. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 11 years, will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' MORNING COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—The pretty and serviceable costume here portrayed is made of figured sateen and trimmed with platings of the material, ribbon, lace and handsome pearl buttons. The skirt is of the usual four-gored style and just escapes the ground all around. A peculiarity of its construction is the adjustment of its upper edge to the belt, and of the belt to the figure by a drawing-tape. At each side-front seam is formed a backward-turning plait, and back of these plaits the top is gathered, the belt being sewed on in the usual manner and the placket made at the center of the back. The belt serves as a casing for a drawing-tape, which is used to adjust the skirt about the waist to any desired size. A casing is also sewed across the under side of the back-breadth some distance below the belt, and the shirr-tape inserted serves to draw the fullness of the lower portion prettily backward. Side-platings of the material cover all that portion of the skirt not concealed by the basque.

The basque is easy-fitting, and descends well over the hips. A ribbon is sewed in with each under-arm seam, so that the wearer can confine the fullness as desired; the loose ends knotting in a handsome bow over

the closing. The back and front, after being laid in plaits, are each arranged upon a plain lining, the

only remaining sections employed in the adjustment being the side-backs, which are perfectly smooth. The sleeve is in coat shape, finished at the wrist with a full frill of lace headed by a folded band of ribbon terminating at the front of the arm in a pretty bow. The neck is completed with a broad, rolling collar with slanting ends, and at the throat is fastened a large ribbon-bow. The collar is edged with lace, and a frill of the same stands about the neck, producing quite a dainty result. The front closes its entire length with button-holes and buttons. A shirred pocket, arranged quite low down upon the hips, is a piquant addition to the decorations. A side-plaiting of the material, stitched on to form its own heading, decorates the bottom of the basque, its lower edge slightly overlapping the upper plaiting of the skirt, thus giving the entire costume a graceful Princess effect. The pattern is No. 8007, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. Any variety of material preferred may be developed by it, with any suitable decorations.



FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' MORNING COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' RECEPTION TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This elegant toilette comprises a four-gored skirt, and a charming polonaise of fashionable outline. The skirt is of plain satin, and is encircled at the foot by two side-plaitings of the material; the upper one being the deeper and stitched on to form its own heading. Its pattern is No. 7267, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents.

The polonaise is of satin brocade, and is one of the most elegant designs ever issued for this becoming style of over-dress. The backs and side-backs are all in one piece in the skirt portion, which is rendered quite ample by under-plaits folded a becoming distance below the waist-line at the termination of their well-curved seams. The back-skirt or drapery is drawn into an artistic, *bouffante* point by ingeniously arranged plaits in the left side edge, and is retained in permanent elegance by cross-straps of elastic, or by under-tapes. The body is short at the front and sides, arching high over the hips and forming a deep point at the center of the front. To the lower edges of these short portions is joined a handsome drapery, which is clustered into plaits near the top at the center seam and then flares stylishly, falling in deep points quite low upon the skirt. The plaits are also taken up in the back edges of the drapery, radiating over the hips with a fan-like effect; and the back edges are then lapped upon the sides of the back-drapery and sewed flatly to position under the side-back

plaits. The edges of the back-drapery are neatly under-faced, while those of the front-drapery are

bordered all around with a fall of beautiful fringe. Hooks and loops close the fronts invisibly, and an ornamental closing is also made with tasselled *passementerie* frogs. A military collar encircles the neck, and the close coat-sleeve is attractively finished at the wrist with a narrow notched cuff-facing of the skirt material and a frill of misty lace. Often, a massive sash-bow will be arranged upon the back of the polonaise and will add charmingly to its elegance. The pattern to the polonaise is No. 8024, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.

Costumes of this style are elegant for all occasions where a train is not a necessity, and are lovely in mull and lawn, in dotted, sprigged or plain Swiss, in evening silks and cashmeres, and in foulards and pretty and serviceable dress goods of all varieties. Both patterns are perfectly adapted to all these fabrics, and are susceptible of various pretty and fashionable changes in their mode of decoration. The front-drapery of the polonaise may be in striking contrast with the rest of the costume, and plaitings, shirrings, puffings, flounces, laces, embroideries or any preferred ornament may be added to the skirt. One pretty illustration



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' RECEPTION TOILETTE.

is developed in plain and figured satinette, which is a new cotton fabric closely resembling satin.



8038

Front View.

8038

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8038.—This dainty pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. The costume, for a child of 4 years, requires 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



8015

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8015.—This stylish pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Any material makes up prettily in this way. In making the skirt for a lady of medium size, $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price, 35 cents.



8007

Front View.

8002

MISSES' BASQUE, WITH REMOVABLE CAPE.

No. 8002.—This stylish basque, pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the basque for a miss of 11 years, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



8045

Front View.

8045

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8045.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it will need $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8007

Back View.

LADIES' EASY-FITTING, HOUSE COSTUME.

No. 8007.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the plaited portions. Price, 35 cents.

**8039***Front View.***8039***Back View.***CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 8039.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it needs 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**8021****LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 8021.—This pattern is a really tasteful mode and may be developed in any preferred combination of materials. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The skirt, for a lady of medium size, needs $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of *moiré* and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lining. Price, 35 cents.

**8033***Front View.***8033***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 8033.—The costume, for a child of 4 years, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. Price of any size, 25 cents.

**8024***Front View.***8046****MISSES' BASQUE.**

No. 8046.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 11 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**8024***Back View***LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 8024.—Any material may be made up in this way, with any tasteful trimming preferred. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8016

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8016.—A very stylish dress-body is here shown. It is made of olive-tinted camel's-hair in this instance and simply trimmed with contrasting pipings and cuff-facings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In constructing the basque for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, will be required for the purpose. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 4.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This consists of costume No. 8045. To make it for a child of 4 years, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old, and costs 25 cents.



8020

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8020.—This basque is made up in olive-green cashmere, *moiré* and velvet in this instance, and is just as pretty and stylish as could well be desired. In making it for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of watered silk, will be found necessary. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8031

Front View.



8031

Back View.



8011

Front View.



8011

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8031.—This costume may be made of any fashionable suiting, with any preferred trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. For a girl of 7 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of silk for the vest and scarf. Price, 25 cents.

GIRLS' CLOAK, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 8011.—This handsome cloak is beautifully proportioned, and is very becoming and stylish to the wee one's figure. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 5 years, it will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

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FLOWERS.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed with soft airs and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies
 To fill the heart's fond view!

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
 As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.

In childhood's sports, companions gay;
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing! In our last decay,
 Memorials prompt and true.

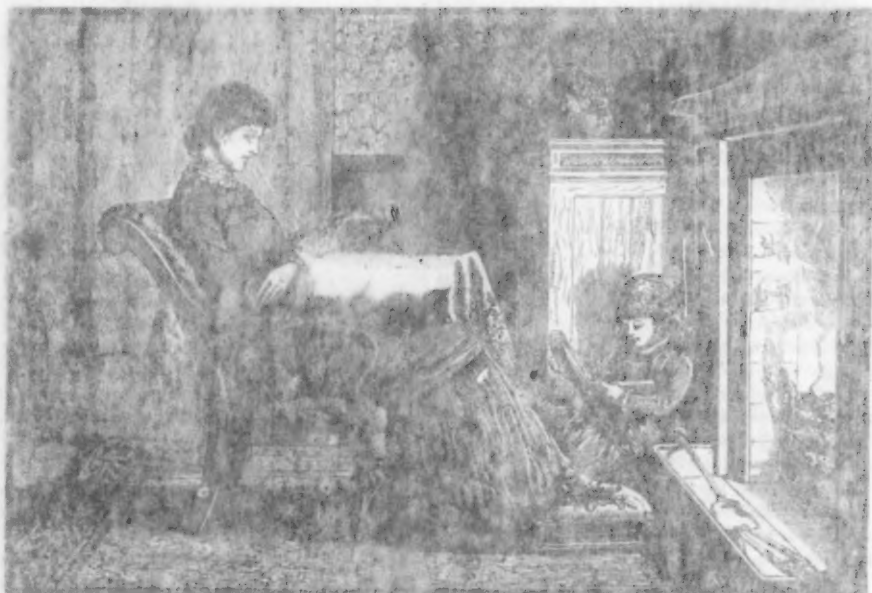
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. L.

MAY, 1882.

No. 5



HAPPY WOMEN.

IMPATIENT women, as you wait,
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear ;

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradles sleep,
Or cling to you in perfect trust ;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

PHOEBE CARY.

(271)



FLOWERS.

SWEET blossoms of the vernal skies,
Bathed with soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view!

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As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
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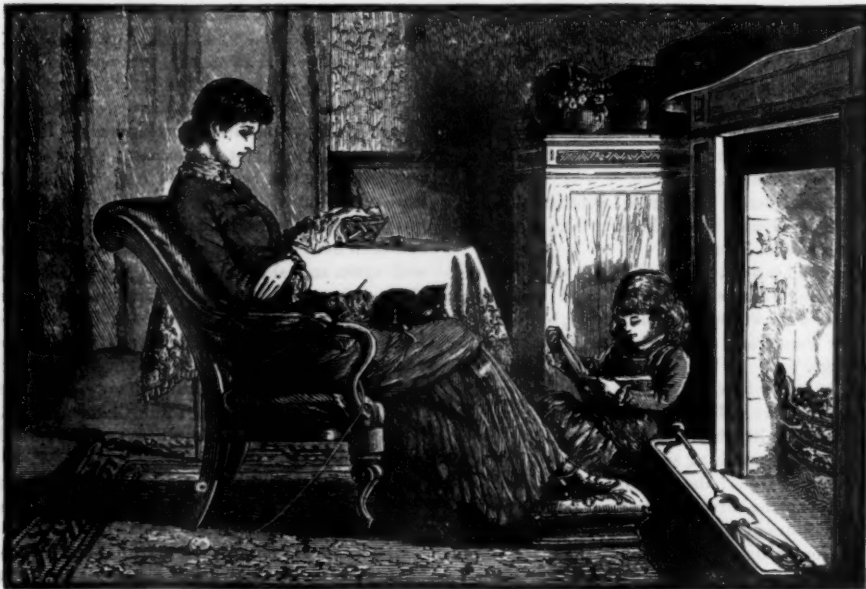
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And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

PHEBE CARY.

(271)

"MOTHER IS DEAD!"

"GRANDMA'S DEAD! Oh, Grandma's dead!" cried little Willie, quite out of breath, and big with the importance of being first to tell the news, the sad import of which he little understood.

Martha Dobson paused in her breadmaking to hear what Willie was saying, just as he repeated, "Oh, Grandma's dead!"

A bewildered look came to her eyes, as she glanced at her husband who was hurrying in with the grief-bearing missive in his hand.

"I was so surprised that I spoke out before I thought of Willie's swift feet and readiness to be first in," he said, with more kindness and sympathy than he usually manifested. But Martha, taking in only one sentence, "Grandma's dead!" staggered to a chair.

"Dead! dead! oh, mother! mother! Dear old mother! Gone!" she sobbed. "Oh, how can I live! mother! mother!"

She did not ask when, or how it was. No matter. But John said, "She passed away about twelve o'clock. She was ill all day, but not seemingly dangerous, until an hour before the final change."

His voice faltered, for he truly esteemed his mother-in-law. But Martha heard nothing. One dreadful reality, her mother was dead. O, desolation beyond anything she had ever thought to experience. Gone! the very life of her life. So it seemed to the sorrowing woman, as with husband and children gathered about her, she sat in her sad sorrowing. Never before had she for an instant thought of what the world would seem without that dear presence. But now, as the tears fell fast, she realized it. The husband slipped from the room and returned in a short time, saying:

"I went for Nellie Davis, Martha, to stay with the children. Had I better get ready at once?" Get ready. Oh, what a sad occasion!

"If I had her for only one week," Mrs. Dobson said. "One short week, to show her how much I love her. To beg her forgiveness, for my many unkindnesses. My selfish thoughtlessness?"

"Martha," said Nellie Davis, who now entered, "I always thought you a good daughter, to a good mother."

"I was an unkind daughter, to the best of mothers. O, I can see it now, when it is too late! When was I, or any of us ill, that she did not at any inconvenience to herself, come to us, nurse us, and cheer us? Oh, her love covered everything! Dear old mother! You know that, when father died, he left mother her living and three hundred dollars off the farm, and three hundred from the sale of the personal property. Bob, you know, never got on very well, and Melinda was any-

thing but kind to mother (sobs shook her frame once more). We all liked to have mother with us, and yet we nagged her because she always was so easy with Bob. Just as if she wasn't easy with all of us. So she never made him pay what father allowed him to, nor pressed him even for the very clothes she needed. And we girls used to try to make her take her living at least, off the farm. But when she gave him her three hundred dollars to pay some pressing debt, and when, just after that, Melinda had a great dinner party for all of her folks and didn't ask mother to go to it, how we twitted her, Fan and I. O, how could we! how could we! And now I can see it. How mean and unkind we were. Dear old mother! kind and loving; she bore Bob's carelessness of her comfort, and Melinda's unkindness. But O, worst of all, our great unkindness! How well I remember the last time I saw her. O, mother! mother! That it should be the last! Little May was just well after the scarlet fever, and mother had been here six weeks, and just when we were well again and she had a chance of a little rest, Fan's baby took the croup, and she sent for mother. That's two months ago. And as soon as Fan's baby was well, Bob's children took measles and she went there, and now our faithful old mother is gone! Ever faithful, loving, true, and unfailing friend! And to think that one of us, and I, above all others, should ever have pained that loving heart."

"Mattie, dear," interrupted her husband, "you are hard on yourself. I always considered you a tender, loving daughter."

"So I thought myself; but now that she is gone beyond all my love or care, I can see it all. All my selfishness; all my thorough ungenerousness. Mother! mother!" was the sorrowful wail with which poor Mattie allowed herself to be seated in the carriage and driven off.

"And now," said Nellie Davis to the weeping children, "let this always be in your mind. Your mother is with you now. Think if she should go away never to return, what a lonely house you would have. How sorry you would be that you ever grieved her. Now you have her and should do just as you would wish that you had done if she were to die." At which all of the children set up such a chorus of sobs and cries, that Nellie gladly sought the cake-box; whilst the elder ones followed, wearing sober, thoughtful faces.

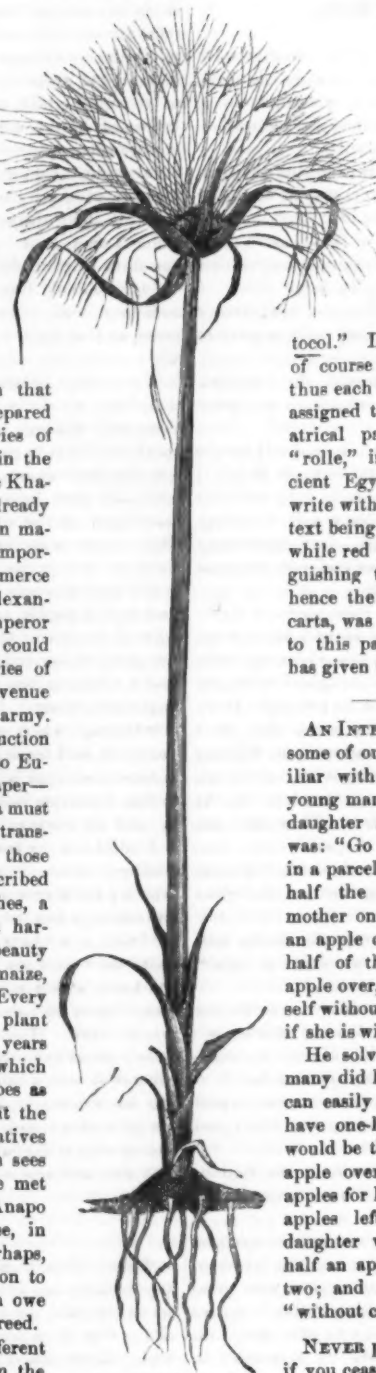
RUTH.

THOSE islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific were reared up from the bed of the ocean, by the little coral insect, which deposits a grain of sand at a time. So with human exertions. The greatest results of the mind are produced by small and continued exertions.

THE PAPYRUS.

THIS plant, once the most important of all the products of the Delta of Egypt, and which brought large wealth to the inhabitants, has not, it is said, been seen there for years. And yet it was here that the most valuable variety of the *Cyperus*—to which our “paper” owes its name—was grown; nor was it for ancient Egypt only, but for every cultivated nation on the Mediterranean that this writing material was prepared from its pith. Manufactories of papyrus “paper” existed in the Delta down to the time of the Khalifs, but parchment was already competing with the Egyptian material, which was of such importance as an article of commerce that Firmus, a citizen of Alexandria who set himself up as emperor in opposition to Aurelian, could declare that his manufactories of papyrus brought him in a revenue large enough to maintain an army. In consequence of the introduction of new writing materials into Europe—parchment and rag-paper—the physiognomy of the Delta must have undergone a complete transformation. In the place of those thickets which have been described as “a forest without branches, a shrubbery without leaves, a harvest in the water, a scene of beauty in a bog,” we now see rice, maize, indigo, and cotton fields. Every recollection even of the plant which for so many hundred years was so carefully tended, and which Strabo so graphically describes as “a bare stick with a tuft at the top,” has been lost to the natives of the Delta. The European sees it in hot-houses, or may have met with it on the shores of Anapo while travelling to Syracuse, in Sicily, little thinking, perhaps, that he has every day occasion to use words and ideas which owe their origin to the Egyptian reed.

Papyrus and *Byblus* are different forms of the same word: from the first we derive our word “paper,”



PAPYRUS PLANT.

from the second the word “Bible.” The celebrated writing material was prepared by slicing the pith of the stem into thin *laminae*, which were laid side by side and overlapping each other, pressed together, and smoothed. The sheets thus prepared were stuck together to form a sheet, and the first leaf was known as the “protocol,” hence the word “protocol.” Long sheets of papyrus could of course be preserved only in rolls, thus each book was a roll, and the part assigned to each actor in German theatrical parlance is still called his “rolle,” in French “rôle.” The ancient Egyptians were accustomed to write with inks of two colors: the main text being transcribed with black ink; while red (*rubra*) was used for distinguishing the beginnings of sections: hence the word “rubric.” Charta, or carta, was the name commonly given to this paper by the Romans, and it has given us the word “card.”

AN INTERESTING PUZZLE.—Perhaps some of our young folks are not familiar with the following puzzle: A young man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: “Go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half the whole number, and the mother one-half the balance and half an apple over, and the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself without cutting the apple, and then if she is willing you can have her.”

He solved the question, and how many did he bring? Fourteen, as you can easily prove. The mother was to have one-half of the balance, which would be three and a half, and half an apple over, which would make four apples over, which would make four apples for her. There would be three apples left, of which number the daughter was to have one-half and half an apple over, which would give two; and leave the lover his one, “without cutting the apple.”

NEVER purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love.

HOME TEACHING.

GIVEN an out-of-the-way place, destitute of a good school, a family of growing children, and an intelligent mother, or aunt, or sister, who wants the little ones to have a good education. How shall this problem be solved?

I can give but a partial answer to this question. But, perhaps, that partial answer may be useful, so far as it goes. Addressing the instructor, I would say, begin first with yourself, by taking good magazines and papers, such as the standard monthlies and dailies published mostly in large cities. I don't, however, mean to say that you need eschew your own village journal. Keep your magazines and papers.

Suppose your pupils begin with the alphabet. Take an old newspaper for a letter-card and point out *a*, a great many times if necessary. Then give each child a paper and a pin, and tell him to stick a hole through every *a* that he can find. It won't be so very long before each long-suffering sheet will be riddled full—but *a* will be recognized whenever seen thereafter. In the same way teach all the other letters, even if you consume several bushels of old journals.

Early give a child a slate. Save pieces of light-brown wrapping-paper, and fold and stitch them neatly, so making scribbling-books. I never knew a little one yet, who was not delighted with the privilege of using his pencil as he pleased. Don't attempt to set formal copies at once. Let your little charges first become accustomed to holding pencils and moving their hands. After awhile, ask them if they remember *a*, and teach them the form of one letter after another. They need not write words until they begin to spell.

If you have no spelling-book, don't buy one. What you want is an abridgement of Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary—the unabridged edition if you can afford it. Avoid the cheap lexicons sold everywhere. They are often inaccurate, and, at best, are printed "to sell." These two named are, at present, the standards. From the dictionary make your own lists of words, advancing from easy to difficult. Have the definitions of these words thoroughly learned, ten at a time. Be very careful to ascertain the exact pronunciation of each, by following the signs and accents given as guides. When the children can read fairly, insist on their referring to the dictionary whenever they meet with a word whose meaning they do not know.

For readers, use the magazines and newspapers. I would rather put *St. Nicholas* into the hands of a schoolboy than the best reading-book ever published. Not only will perusing "live" matter improve his elocution, but it will also give him an amount of general information obtainable in no other way. Many things that really ought to

be known are not taught in the school-room. As regards vocal delivery, it would be very difficult to give many valuable hints to one who had never heard good speakers—but a safe rule is, read just as you would talk, under whatever circumstances indicated by the author of the selection. Drill your pupils—let their voices express every shade of meaning. And let the chief strain be upon the muscles of their chests and stomachs, not upon those of their throats, and cultivate, in general, rather a deep tone. When they read poetry, do not allow them to fall into that vicious sing-song style. To avoid this, go to the other extreme, if necessary, and make them read it exactly like prose, so that the ear cannot detect any rhyme at all.

While your scholars are improving in elocution, keep up daily exercises in spelling, definitions, and writing. It would be a useful amusement for them to pick out a number of words in a newspaper column, write them neatly and carefully, and then hunt out their meaning and pronunciation in the dictionary. Finally, to make short sentences containing these words, and write them under or opposite the words themselves.

Writing sentences should be commenced just as soon as the pupils are able. Let the former be taken down from your dictation, and then see that the punctuation and spelling are all right. The first is a branch too much neglected, but just as important as any. You can readily learn from a printed page where capitals, commas, and periods should be, and teach your scholars. It is not hard to remember that a capital begins a sentence, a comma separates its divisions, and a period ends it. All the other rules are secondary.

A child can use a lead-pencil almost as soon as a slate-pencil. I would have him write satisfactory little exercises with both of these before I would give him pen and ink. And when I did the latter, I would pour a very little of the treacherous fluid into an old inkstand, for I presume you have carpets and table-covers. I would tell him, also, to take only a small quantity upon his pen at a time. Do not attempt to teach any set system of penmanship, for not one person in fifty adheres to such a thing after leaving school. If you know the simple forms of script-letters, you can give them and their combinations as copies, and merely tell your pupils to write as nicely as they can, and aim to improve. In this case let your motto be: Only a little at a time.

Just as soon as your scholars can spell, read, and write sentences fairly, they should begin composition. This is usually a difficult, unsatisfactory branch, and for a very good reason. Teachers expect, and pupils attempt too much. They aim at once for a bookish effect. I like the school-boy's "Horse has four legs, one on each corner," far better than any forced dissertation on "The

Course of Empires." It is funny, but original, and never, under any circumstances, repress originality. This is the great fault of modern education; it strives to fashion every mind by the same pattern. Tell a boy to write about something he knows, in his own way.

Perhaps the best exercise in composition is letter writing. Most people, after finishing their education, use their penmanship, spelling, punctuation, etc., in this particular way, so it is well to begin early. Set your pupils to writing little letters to yourself, and when they can do it nicely, to their young friends. Pay strict attention to the date, heading, paragraphs, closing and folding. Common paper will do well enough for practice—but later, a box of good stationery may form an acceptable and useful birthday or Christmas present.

If your children never advance any further in their studies—that is, if they have formed the habit of intelligently reading the newspapers and if they can write sensible letters correctly—they need not live and die ignorant. Still, there are other important matters requiring attention. The chief of these is arithmetic.

Teach the figures at the same time that you do the letters. Form combinations representing numbers, just as you select words for spelling. Let your pupils count the words on a page, the letters in a word, the patterns in the carpet, the trees in the orchard—in short, instil into their minds that most difficult of all ideas, number. Then teach addition, by asking how many marbles you have in your right hand? how many in your left? how many houses are there on this side of the road? how many on that? Subtraction may also be taught by object-lessons. After a number of mental exercises, children may have little examples on their slates. But be independent of books at first. The four fundamental rules and fractions may be well inaugurated without any. If, however, you really want a primary arithmetic, Rhoades' will be found useful—and later, purchase Brooks' Normal Arithmetic. Let your pupils review and hasten slowly. If your own mathematical education has been neglected, never mind—study a few lessons ahead, and you can manage. I know of professed teachers who do this very thing. You may profitably omit a great deal of the merely theoretical part, only taking care that your pupils thoroughly understand what they are about. It is better to *know how* to do an example, than to be able to recite ten reasons for not doing it, and not know. Don't, under any circumstances, allow a child to learn anything by rote. In case you need it, I will write a list of the most useful rules in Arithmetic, viz: Notation, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Compound Numbers, Analysis, Proportion, Percentage, Simple and

Compound Interest. Having been thoroughly drilled on these, your pupils ought to be prepared for almost anything in miscellaneous examples. Other rules may be worked in incidentally. If you have a key to the arithmetic, and study it diligently, you need never fail yourself.

Tables are the great bug-bear to a child beginning arithmetic. They can only be learned by constant repetition. You may, perhaps, interest your class in the multiplication-table by telling them that it was invented by a wise man named Pythagoras, and giving from time to time, varied accounts of the age and country in which he lived. (Find all this from the Encyclopedia—you ought to own one, or have access to one, for you and your scholars will need to refer to it every week of your lives.) And you can show the different coins and weights and measures, to enliven the other tables, or advise the little learner to notice them in the store.

Begin Geography by taking your pupils out literally to play in the dirt. If you are not too dignified, sit right down and make continents, islands, mountains, etc., out of mud, and pour water among them to represent rivers and seas. Next, call attention to any mountains, lakes or streams in your own neighborhood—tell the children that the former are part of the great Alleghany system, and that the waters of the latter find their way into the Delaware Bay and Atlantic Ocean. Use an apple impaled on a knitting-needle to explain the spherical form of the earth. Then get Mitchell's Primary Geography, still supplementing regular lessons by oral instruction. As a pleasant pastime, construct a map from the pupils' dictation, upon a piece of smooth, pine board, either with lead pencil or paint. Drawing maps is almost as useful as writing compositions, and will help teach neatness and accuracy. A few penny water-colors will excite pride in nice workmanship. Tell your boys and girls simply to indicate the boundaries with paint, and always to wash in the color before deepening the pencil-lines with ink, otherwise the color and ink will run together. In time, a large atlas and a descriptive and a Physical Geography may all follow the small book. Mitchell's and Warren's Series are excellent. Never let your children meet with the name of an unfamiliar locality, in their general reading, without immediately looking it up.

Grammar is a difficult study. It is one branch of learning to which there is no royal road. However, I think it can be taught more simply than it generally is. I would begin without a book. Take your class out, ask them the *name* of every object that you see on your walks, and then tell them that every *name* is a *noun*. Next, inquire what every object *does*, or in what condition it is, and thus give the idea of a *verb*. By lessons like these, I would teach all the parts of speech, which,

once known, constitute an exceedingly good foundation. Next, let your pupils pick out all the parts of speech in a great number of selected sentences. For a text-book, purchase Hart's Elementary Grammar. Still, do not confine yourself closely to the book. Here, as everywhere, hasten slowly, and use, if need be, quantities of sentences. By this time, your scholars can pay attention to the grammar in their exercises and letters.

I confess that I am among those who believe that a great deal of time is wasted in our schools upon analysis and parsing. I cannot tell you, nor could you learn simply from reading, how to teach them as they are usually taught—so it is unwise to attempt such a thing. But to impart a practical knowledge of the English language, I know of no better assistant than Swinton's series of Language Lessons, which may be used in connection with Hart's Grammar. This is especially valuable as giving a child his first ideas of Rhetoric, which, you know, includes the whole science of composition.

History, to my mind, is also hard to teach. It can be done, however. Avoid, as much as possible, merely dry details and gather together all the information available regarding the manners and customs of all nations. Have a scrap-book in which to paste everything of the kind for future reference. Interest a child in his own country by reading from the newspapers items and descriptions relating to various localities. Higginson's Young Folks' History of the United States, is highly recommended. For general history, I know of nothing better than Wilson's Outlines. These books may be perused for diversion, selections from them employed for reading-lessons, sentences serve as writing-tasks—in short, let their contents be understood by every possible means. In connection with each regular history-lesson, let the class take old maps—make as many as you want, or cut them from old geographies—trace out the localities mentioned, and stick pins in every place of importance. Thus the whole world will be spread out before the pupils, with its most noted actors in their appropriate positions. Impress dates by associating them with others, the less familiar with the more so. And with all your historical and geographical study, don't forget the events and maps of your own State and county.

Keightley's Mythology, fascinating as a fairy-tale, will be found a useful little handbook, giving, as it does, an account of the gods and heroes of classic history. Moreover, without something of the kind, your children cannot understand all the allusions that he will meet with, even in newspaper references to poetry and art.

To be ignorant of music, I think is just as pitiable as to be unable to read. But you have no in-

strument. Never mind. Tell your boys and girls to go out and mimic the birds, and so begin to cultivate their vocal chords and ears. Almost any hymn- or song-book will give you the rudiments of the science, which you and your class together can master, if you try. The children can learn to make all the musical characters on their slates, and understand the value thereof as well as anybody. But to sing the notes? Well, if you know the scale, you can guide your pupils. All you need is a tuning-fork, by which to find the pitch. The best vocal exercises consist simply of the scale varied, thus: *do, mi, re; re, fa, do*, etc., which you can all sing, over and over, as much as twenty minutes at a time. But whether you can sing the scale or not, there are low-priced instruments from which you can derive the correct sounds. One of them is called the harpette, I believe, or zithern; and the other resembles the xylophone, only the keys are of metal. The former is played with the fingers, the latter, struck with a hammer. Having one of these, there is no reason why your pupils should not learn to sing by note. They can run up and down the scale until thoroughly familiar with it, next sing varied exercises, and then proceed to simple melodies. A very useful manual of vocal music is Everest's Music Teacher. As to instrumental—well, I won't say that you can learn or teach it without a piano, or organ, or melodeon. But I do say that, having conquered the theory—which by constant practice you may—you have made a good preparation in case you do some day obtain an instrument. We often see second-hand pianos and organs for sale cheap, which are plenty good enough for beginners. I did hear of one young man so determined to learn that he painted a board to imitate keys. A representation of the keyboard may be found in the Music Teacher, if you want to copy it. If, however, you have an instrument, insist upon your children's practicing, daily.

Etymology is another branch usually taught, but I am not sure that it is as useful as some would have us believe. It gives a smattering of Latin, but it seems to me better to go to the fountain-head and actually begin the language. One with a good knowledge of Latin can easily trace out for himself the derivation of many English words. However, that's a matter of opinion. A good exercise in Etymology, if you have a large dictionary, would be to hunt out the roots of words in common use. But if you think it best to teach Etymology as a separate branch, do so. The foreign words so gained will form a foundation for a subsequent course in languages and natural sciences. Bailey's Scholar's Companion seems to be the one work on this subject. Avoid Miss Webb's, because, while excellent in many respects, the sentences given to illustrate each word are too stilted. Skip a great many definitions in the fore

part of the Companion, and begin with the Prefixes and Suffixes.

All this includes a very extended course, and contains material enough for at least three years' thorough study. As time passes on, you may add to it Algebra, Languages, and Natural Sciences. No matter how isolated you may be, I believe you can master them if you will, and so can your pupils. Your knowledge of Arithmetic will carry you through Brooks' Algebra, and, as you progress, it will grow more and more fascinating. Miss Rogers' Mensuration can be learned by any one who remembers to draw a proper figure for every example. Of course you want a key for any work on mathematics.

To begin the study of any language I would first purchase a small lexicon and a Testament in that tongue, and compare the latter with my English one, word for word, until I had translated it entirely. Next, I would buy a grammar and conquer all the technicalities. Finally, I would leisurely, but perseveringly, read the standard works in that language. You and your children might find such study delightful.

As to the sciences of Botany, Geology, etc., I can only say, teach your pupils to use their eyes, and stimulate them to inquire into the wonders of nature around them. When they have acquired a love for any particular branch, put proper books into their hands, and let them study in their own way.

Nor, all this time, would I neglect drawing. I believe it is as natural for children to draw as to write. Encourage them in their early attempts to delineate forms on their slates. Then give them copies of straight lines, curves, cubes, rhomboids, and the like. Cut out of papers and magazines any well-outlined figures not difficult to copy. When your pupils have gained tolerable proficiency with their pencils, let them draw leaves, stones, fences, and similar objects from nature. Take a well-engraved picture, and point out the difference between light and shade. After awhile, the young draughtsmen can be safely left to their own resources, provided they work carefully, and try constantly to improve.

In addition to the list of books given, either for lessons or supplementary reading, I would name Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, Cutter's *Physiology*, and Mitchell's *Elocution*. I mention the last chiefly because it gives such a good idea of the best writers in the English language, so forming a satisfactory foundation for the study of literature. Every beginner in physiology should read Jean Mace's *History of a Mouthful of Bread*—if he or she can read it in the original French, so much the better. And early let your pupils cultivate a love of good poetry.

Almost any volume can be ordered through the nearest bookseller, or perhaps, the local editor.

Large publishing houses in cities sometimes send catalogues to any one asking for them. Lists of educational works are usually printed in the backs of all similar books issued by the same firm. In most towns of any size, there are second-hand stores, in which half-worn books of all kinds may be purchased for a trifle. In short, no matter where you are, it is possible to procure what you need.

This course may be modified according to circumstances. If after your pupils have advanced to a certain stage, it is desirable or possible to send them to school, do so, by all means. Or, if competent friends advise a different plan of instruction, why, if you like, heed their counsel. But I think I have indicated, in a general way, how to proceed with home instruction. And if any of our readers put this theory into practice, I should like to know how they succeed.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin, it will, in the course of the night, approach it, and be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop be shifted daily. If, after it had twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine around each other. Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth. After a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days, the cylinder was turned one-fourth around, and again and again this was repeated until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the root is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract.

MARRIAGE.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

Suffer not trifles to win thy love.

IN touching upon the theme of marriage, I would do it reverently, as it is not a subject for trifling, but rather of grave solemnity. Nothing is more revolting than the manner in which some are given to speak of this contemplated relation, accompanied with nods, winks and sly innuendoes. You, my dear young ladies, are contemplating this relation as a possible, or settled matter, and if I could induce any of you to look more earnestly, and with profounder reverence upon this life-union before taking a step which is to baptize you with blessing and joy, or wring your heart with anguish, I should be indeed happy.

The young are apt to regard marriage as the ante-chamber of heaven. That it is designed to increase the good and happiness of our race, is indeed true, but it leads us into that temple where duty stands ministering round the altar, and where "the baptism of love, is followed by the quick discipline of trial."

Children should not marry. A young woman cannot be in any sense prepared for this union, under twenty-one; twenty-five is better. She is not physically or mentally developed before this. Solemn duties, cares and responsibilities await her, to meet which she needs large development, mature judgment, good calculation, domestic training, and knowledge of men and things. Girls of sixteen and eighteen cannot have these. They do not know whom they really like or dislike—who and what will meet their necessities—until matured themselves.

In that mysterious relation, where a soul meets face to face with another soul—where propensities, tastes, aspirations, powers and wills, meet and press against each other—what need for adaptation, intimate and vital union! Else, what chafing, discord, suffering.

Young women should not be so impressed with the duty, privilege and éclat of marriage, as to rush into the relation without due thought, time and acquaintance. You cannot over-estimate the importance of a thorough knowledge of the man whom you design to marry. Uprightness, fixedness of principle, and unselfish and generous disposition, with good business abilities, should be regarded as indispensable. If a young man is a good son and brother, he will make a kind husband, provided you do your part.

Do not be won by trifles. A handsome face, a fine figure, and noble bearing, may be desired, but they constitute a small part of what you really need. They may be but the gilding of the frame, or the gilt which hides some terrible deformity,

and which, by-and-by, will cause you emotions of disgust, terrible grief or constant unrest.

Neither is it wise to aspire far above your present station in life, as this would give rise to solicitude lest you fail to adapt yourself to your changed circumstances.

Marriage should not be entered upon without a knowledge of its physiological laws, else much domestic misery may be expected. Neither should it be sought for worldly gain, or position. True esteem and affection, united to adaptation and congeniality of tastes, should form its basis. When this does not exist before marriage, it is hopeless to expect it afterward. One must look out for breakers ahead, and feed the flame of love with pure oil. You will need fully as much tact, skill, and patience, to manage another heart as your own. If you cannot think alike, be resolved to yield, rather than to differ. Avoid altercation and recrimination. Be forbearing and forgiving, if need be.

I would also suggest that those graces and charms which won a lover's heart, be still kept for the husband. Never consider it too much trouble to dress tastefully and in your best, for your husband's eye. Give him freely of those graceful, and pleasant surprises, which will make him happy, if you expect a continuance of those lover-like attentions from him. Hide all the disagreeables in person, toilet and home, and keep the best for love. Such a course would be likely to make a good man of a bad one, if anything would!

Consider also, that marriage is for life—"till Death do us part"—the laws of man to the contrary. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" is the clarion voice of Him who ordained marriage. Alas! how many turn the solemn edict into a farcical jest. Where is the voice to reach every home, in protest of the shame, disgrace, ruin, and outrage of so fatal a wrench as divorce? Its unhallowed license should be hissed out of this world. Therefore, look well before you leap, young ladies, and "suffer not trifles to win thy love."

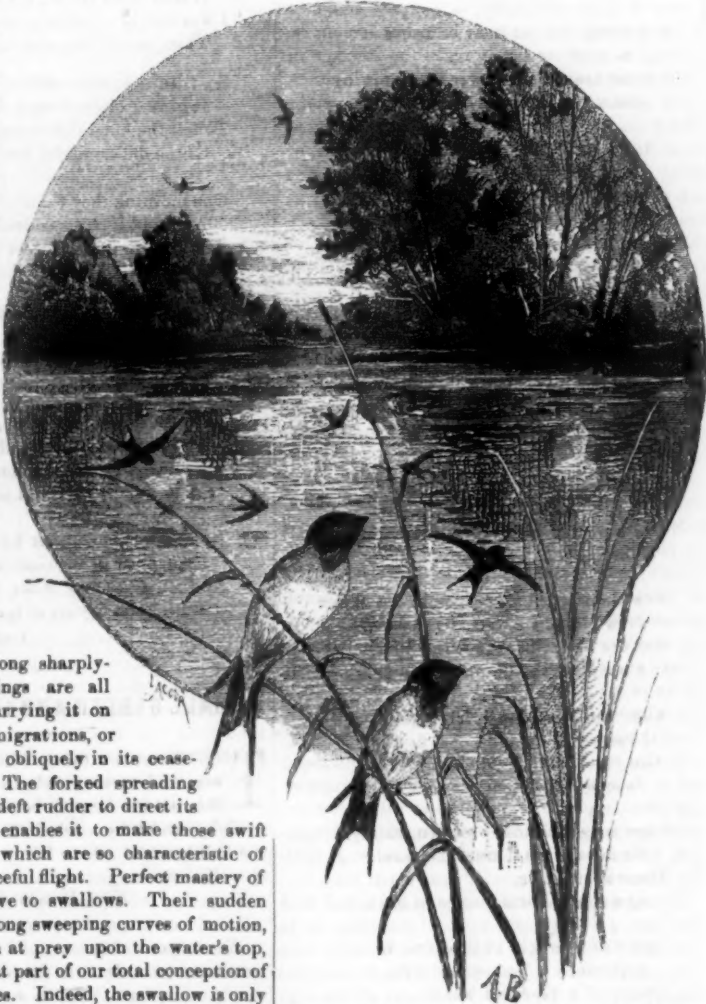
MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

DON'T TALK LOUDLY.—Nothing marks a true gentleman or lady more surely than a low voice; and a man can have it as well as a woman. A loud voice arises either from extreme carelessness or from low breeding. No one likes to walk beside a person in the street who talks in a loud voice. The same rule applies to boys and girls. Play is one thing, and conversation quite another, though the former need not be boisterous. Children may have good lungs, and use them in cheering when the right time comes; but, when they talk, a low, distinct voice marks one that is accustomed to good society and possessed of innate refinement.

THE SWALLOW.

ALWAYS in motion, the swallow is the most restlessly active and untiring of birds. Skimming low over the surface of the meadows, he sweeps the tops of the grasses in search of small flies and midges, themselves eagerly buzzing around the honey in the clover and cinquefoil; or still oftener, curveting above the ponds or the rivulets, he catches open-mouthed the gnats and May-flies which are striving to lay their eggs in peace upon the smooth waters. Activity is the very soul of the swallow's existence; and a caged swallow is an absolute impossibility. It must move or die. The swallow seldom rests; its feet are ill-adapted for perching, and its long sharply-pointed glossy wings are all well-meant for carrying it on its distant yearly migrations, or for cutting the air obliquely in its ceaseless daily flight. The forked spreading tail, too, acts as a deft rudder to direct its rapid course, and enables it to make those swift changes of motion which are so characteristic of its exquisitely graceful flight. Perfect mastery of the air is instinctive to swallows. Their sudden evolutions, their long sweeping curves of motion, their unerring aim at prey upon the water's top, all make up a great part of our total conception of the birds themselves. Indeed, the swallow is only made for motion. Large and broad as he looks upon the wing, we see, when he settles down for a moment upon a tall head of rush or pendulous sedge by the brink of the pool, that his actual size and weight are a mere trifle. The rush scarcely bends beneath his light body. He is made up mostly of long feathers, channelled airy bones, a few powerful wing-muscles, and a little brain to guide and direct the whole lightsome mass. As a matter of fact, a swallow with a spread of sixteen inches from tip to tip of the pinions, weighs only

one ounce. Such a bird can never be still. Its quick heart, warm blood, rapid circulation, and eager brain, all compel it to keep perpetually on the wing; and in confinement it pines and dies at once. In color it is but a plain, blackish bird, to the careless eye, though its burnished blue-black



plumage, shot with gleams of green in the sunlight, may well make a colorist despair when he looks at it closely with a critical gaze. Yet it is curious that among the American tropics the first cousins of these selfsame quiet-toned swallows have developed the brilliant hues and gorgeous metallic splendor of the humming-birds. For the humming-birds are, indeed, only modified swifts, or swallows, which have taken to seeking for their insect-prey among the great tubular blossoms of tropical plants.—*Magazine of Art.*

THE FLOWER'S MISSION.

THERE was once a little flower
Growing where weeds were tall,
And the blue sky bending over
It could see, and that was all.

The weeds put out their branches
And shut the sun away,
But the brave little flower kept growing
And upreaching, day by day.

"I know I was meant for something,
Else I would not be here,"
It kept saying over and over
To a briar, bending near.

"I think you must be mistaken,"
Was ever the briar's reply;
"Such a poor little thing as you are
Will live for a day, and die."

But the faith of the flower was steadfast,
As it turned its face to God,
Believing it had a mission
Above the Earth's green sod.

In the long, sweet days of summer,
Its little buds burst wide,
And the air, with its springtime fragrance,
Was sweet on every side.

Now the weeds that hedged in the flower
Grew close by a sick girl's room,
And the breeze bore in thro' the window
A breath of the flower's perfume.

And "Oh," cried the girl in gladness,
"I can smell the old home-flow'rs!
Bring me one little blossom
To cheer these lonely hours."

They sought thro' the garden, vainly.
"No flowers are there," they said.
"There are!" she cried, "I can smell them!"
And she would not be comforted.

Again they sought in the garden,
And led by a wandering mind,
Deep in the weed and briars
They chanced the flower to find.

They brought in one, and laid it
In the sick girl's wasted hand,
And she kissed it over and over,
But they could not understand

What it was she said to the flower,
Of the old home, far away,
Or the words that were sweet with comfort,
That the blossom had to say.

Each morning they sought a blossom
To brighten the sick girl's room,
And the heart of the humble flower
Was glad, in the tall weed's gloom.

"I knew I was meant for something,"
It said to its friend, the sky;
"I was sure of a nobler mission
Than just to live, and die."

So, till the summer ended,
It gave a blossom each day
To tell the homesick stranger
Of the old home far away.

One morning they came to the flower,
And told it she was dead.
And it gave its last sweet blossom
As they told it what she said:

"It has been such a comfort to me,
Sick in a stranger-land.
That is the message I send it;
It will know, and understand!"

Then the flower looked up, and whispered
To its steadfast friend, the sky,
"Thank God for the mission he gave me,
With a happy heart, I die!"

Be sure we were meant for something;
Keep faith in the God above,
And our lives may make others happy
With their flowers of human love.

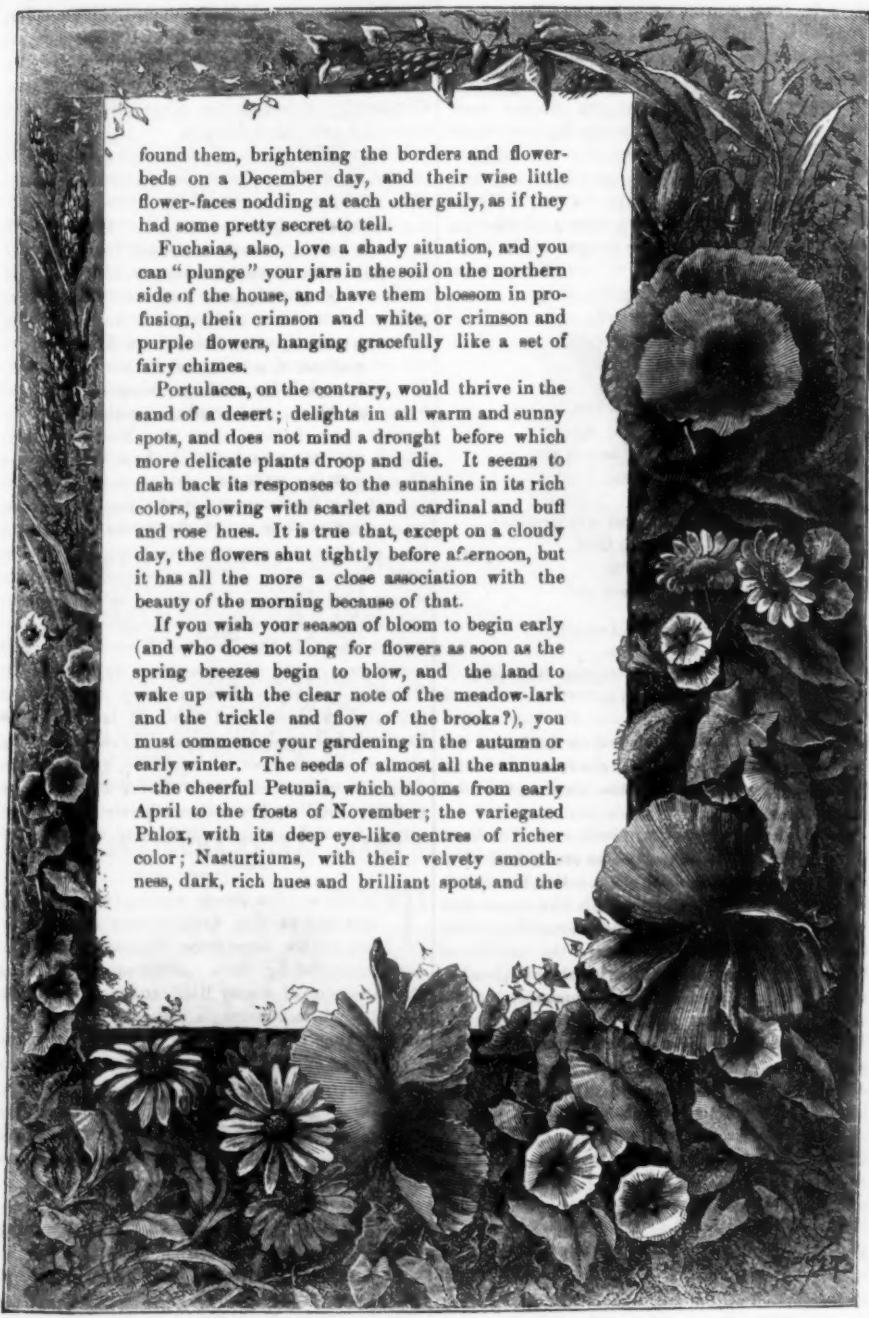
EBEN E. REXFORD.

A SMALL GARDEN AND ITS PLEASURES.

THERE are few things which give more innocent and varying delights than a small garden, not too large to be planned, worked and made beautiful by one's individual care, during the half-hours of a busy life. It is an amusement as well as an occupation; a rest as well as a labor; a forgetting of troublesome anxieties, in which self is the centre, and a perpetual remembrance of God's eternal kingdom of life and gladness. Sweet and pure airs from heaven breathe through the "gliding light," as St. Augustine calls it, the dewy shadows dancing over the velvety sward, and opening curves of fragrant blossoms.

We soon learn to have an almost personal intimacy with every flower, and a knowledge of its habits and preferences.

The Pansy, royal in its hues of purple and gold, and rich, variegated tints of bronze, loves a moist, cool climate, and flowers beautifully even in the winter, in the south, coming up like bright hopes along dark ways, to gladden and surprise the eyes of one who does not fear cold weather. I have



found them, brightening the borders and flower-beds on a December day, and their wise little flower-faces nodding at each other gaily, as if they had some pretty secret to tell.

Fuchsias, also, love a shady situation, and you can "plunge" your jars in the soil on the northern side of the house, and have them blossom in profusion, their crimson and white, or crimson and purple flowers, hanging gracefully like a set of fairy chimes.

Portulacca, on the contrary, would thrive in the sand of a desert; delights in all warm and sunny spots, and does not mind a drought before which more delicate plants droop and die. It seems to flash back its responses to the sunshine in its rich colors, glowing with scarlet and cardinal and buff and rose hues. It is true that, except on a cloudy day, the flowers shut tightly before afternoon, but it has all the more a close association with the beauty of the morning because of that.

If you wish your season of bloom to begin early (and who does not long for flowers as soon as the spring breezes begin to blow, and the land to wake up with the clear note of the meadow-lark and the trickle and flow of the brooks?), you must commence your gardening in the autumn or early winter. The seeds of almost all the annuals—the cheerful Petunia, which blooms from early April to the frosts of November; the variegated Phlox, with its deep eye-like centres of richer color; Nasturtiums, with their velvety smoothness, dark, rich hues and brilliant spots, and the

hot, pungent taste of the blossom; Pinks, with their spicy scents, as from "Araby the blest," and fresh colors—all may be sown during autumn, in a mellow soil which will not harden too quickly after rain. Most seed it is best to sow in rows, and trans-

plant in order to prevent unevenness or an overcrowded bed, and have space enough for the full development of leaf and blossom. A cloudy, moist day is the most desirable for transplanting the tender young plants; but you can also transplant on the evening of a sunshiny day, and shade them the next morning when the sun begins to get hot.

For low, flat beds no flowers surpass the Verbenas, and they give you every variety of coloring, from pure white through the striped, pinks, crimson, maroon, delicate lilac to the richest royal



purple. They do not require the richest soil, but need, above all things, an eastern exposure and the full benefit of the morning sunshine. Give them the light they love and with a little care, bed or terrace may be covered with a carpet richer than all the looms of Persia or the glowing Oriental lands could yield.

If you desire a variety of plants as well as hues, there are foliage-plants whose leaves as well blossoms produce an exquisite effect. For the centre of a green spot, where the sward is like an emerald velvet, nothing lights it up more beautifully than a group, rising in height toward the middle, of Scarlet Geraniums, dazzling in their splendor, with variegated leaves, white Centaureas, purple or maroon Achyranthes and golden Pyrethrum. The varied foliage will blend in harmony with the rich and varying tones of color, and the green setting of the grasses around gives a contrast to the brilliancy of the blossoms.

For borders, you desire tall plants, striking in color; and the Gladiolus stands unrivalled for its rich sheaf of blossoms, which I have seen grow in the South as tall as the rows of a cornfield. There is a passionate warmth of hue about these flowers that at once attracts the eye, as if it held the richness of long tropical days, just as the soft, heavy, rich-colored Poppies seem suffused with a drowsy heat and languor, as if brought "from a land where it seems always afternoon." There are the new varieties of Chinese Peonies, which are handsome border plants, and their large blossoms are

tinted with every imaginable shade of cream-color, rose, salmon, etc., and flecked with brighter spots and edges; but these need shade and moisture in a southern summer, in order to have them flower abundantly, although the plants will live even through a prolonged drought.

If (as is often the case, when your gardening is carried on within narrow boundaries, and under disadvantages of surroundings) you have ugly places to hide, a broken-down bit of wall, a stump or rough heap of stones, or a plain inclosure, you will turn with special interest to Vines. For a swift, ready growth, mantling everything near with its green leaves and bright flowers, climbing by its airy tendrils up the pillars of a porch, or the projections of a wall, and wreathing the window-sash and ledge with a living cornice and frame of bloom and verdure, nothing can be sweeter and fresher than the Morning-Glory. There are many varieties of them, the Chinese Morning-Glory with its quaint, ruffled border around the flower-cup, and the various colored ones of native growth. No flower looks so like a form of light, floating in the morning air, as the white Convolvulus; and the rose-colored and pale silvery blue blossoms are almost as transparent and aerial. For deeper coloring and longer growth there is the Trumpet-Vine, or as it is sometimes called, the American Ivy, which in Virginia quickly embowers every old barn, or neglected wall, or dead tree. It is hardy and hard-wooded, and in summer throws out long trumpet-shaped flowers in a cluster, varying from deep red without to orange shades within. The genuine English Ivy makes a lovely dark green screen for a brick wall, and, after many years'



growth, flowers with a pale snowy, or mist-like kind of blossoming, succeeded in winter by jet-black berries. It will not stand the severe winters of the North, however, and cannot equal for richness of effect the brilliant crimson of the frost-touched foliage of the Trumpet-creeper in autumn weather. The Honey-Suckle or Woodbine forms a large family of vines, beautiful for arbors

and frames, and the scarlet Trumpet Woodbine is not only beautiful itself, with its scarlet flowers and long clusters of scarlet berries that follow, but from the love of the ruby-throated Humming-bird for its blossoms. Sometimes you hear a fairy-like whirring in the air, and see two of these sparkling jewel-like creatures, flashing to and fro, or poisoning themselves on their tiny, gauze-like wings as they plunge their little beaks, as sharp as stilettos, into the honey that lies at the bottom of the red flower-cup. There is always a peculiar delight about any blossom which charms these exquisite creatures of the air, or the great spotted butterflies, or even the mystical white twilight Moths, or the Bees, with their cheerful, drowsy hum inside of the satiny leaves of the Hollyhock and Lily. They bring you into a little world of life and motion that is haunted by "the purple beams" of poets and singers.

It may be that instead of having ugliness to conceal, you may have a fountain like a living, flashing presence of mingled water and light, or a moist corner where a little stream trickles down and winds away over stones "and sandy reaches." Then nothing is lovelier than a Fernery; the wild, hardy Ferns, or the delicate Maiden-Hair, or the beautiful Japanese Climbing Fern and the graceful Sword-Fern. These are lovely whether they are nodding their green, feathery plumes in the wet air, or are standing asleep in winter with their tightly-rolled Sibylline scrolls of hidden life. Water-Lilies, with their cool, waxen, gold-breasted flowers, and pinkish-veined leaves floating on the surface of the water, you may have at the small trouble of getting a tub (free from oil, salt, or tar), covering your water-lily roots with two inches of fine loam or mud—there should be six or eight inches of the mud in the tub—and keeping the tub full of water. Only to look at a Water-Lily, with its long, coiled stem and white buds, gives one a sensation of coolness and refreshment on a hot, still summer's day.

Of course your garden is for all seasons; you will not forget the autumnal Dahlias, or, sweeter far, the Chrysanthemums, hardy and brave, blooming over wintry leaves and through rough winds with a cheerful patience that makes you sorry to give them up. Their half-bitter, but healthy fragrance, has the sweetness of all "last things" in it.

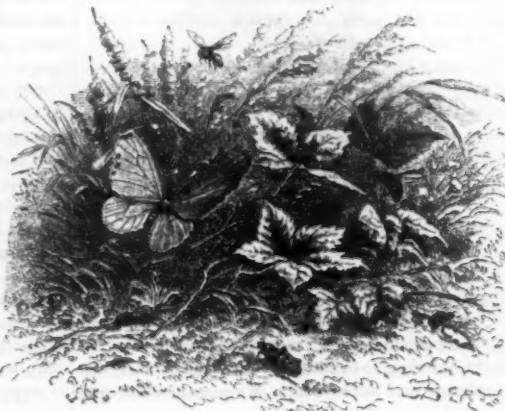
Even more you are thrilled by the first blossoms of the spring bulbs: the Crocus, putting up gold and purple flames from the dark sod; the baby-like, cuddled-up Hyacinth blossoms; the Scilla, like a bit of blue sky; the green-tipped Snowdrops; and the Tulips, that prophecy of sum-

mer, with their spicy, musky scents, and black and gold hearts.

The Roses are for all seasons, from the early buds to the two or three pale roses left in a sheltered nook in November. The Bon Silene, the Marshal Niel, the Jacqueminot, the Devonienais—how many names, how many delicately-tinted petals, unfolding in the most perfect curves ever dreamed of, how many fragrances from blossoms and perfumed leaves come softly blending,

"Like sweet thoughts in a dream."

Every Rose is a poem in itself, a little life of sweetness and color and form—it would take a poet's heart to understand, or hand to write, half



its beauty. You never love any flower as well, nor is there any other that so quickly repays careful tending and nurture. A perfect Rose is like the ideal for which all your garden grows.

I think there is one other thing that must not be forgotten, for they are themselves like sweet remembrances and dear associations—the little beds of Heliotrope and Mignonette, that send a little throb or pulsation of fragrance to greet your coming, or follow your going, like a phantom or spirit of the flower, invisibly ministering to your delight. These flowers of fragrance, low-growing, almost colorless, are like a pure life of love in the world—changing the cloudiest weather to enchanted sweetness. But they are all lovely "after their kind."

"And every gracious flower
Has each a separate word,
Which read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord."

ELLA F. MOSBY.

THE aristocracy of art cannot die; its tenure is immortal; born of the marriage between impassioned nature and intellectual civilization, the race will grow stronger with the progress of time.

THE TWO PICTURES.

"**H**OW BEAUTIFUL!" And the two men paused before the window of a print-seller.

The picture which had called forth from one of the men this admiring exclamation, was a showy bit of landscape, painted for effect, and well calculated to deceive an unpracticed eye.

"I must inquire the price," said the speaker, whose name was Godwyn, and he drew his companion into the store.

"What do you ask for that landscape in the window?"

"Fifty dollars," replied the picture seller, "and it's worth a hundred. But the owner wants money, and must sell, even at so great a sacrifice."

"Who is the artist?"

A name not familiar to either of the men was given. But, as they were only posted up in art-news indifferently well, and did not care to make their ignorance known, no further question was asked. The name was accepted as belonging to an artist of celebrity.

"I must have that picture, Martin. It is a gem." Godwyn spoke aside to his friend.

"We have a companion piece by the same artist," said the picture seller, whose ears, all on the alert, had overheard the remark.

"Indeed! Let us see the two together."

The paintings were placed side by side.

"Charming!—beautiful!—exquisite!" were the exclamations with which their exhibition was greeted.

"I will take one of them," said Godwyn. "And you the other." Looking towards his friend Martin.

"I don't know about that," answered the latter. "The pictures are certainly very tempting. But I am not just sure that I can spare fifty dollars to-day for an article of simple luxury."

"They're cheap as dirt," said Godwyn. "Better take one. You'll not have another chance like this soon."

But Martin hesitated, debating the money-question involved, and finally decided to let the companion-piece remain where it was for the present. Godwyn paid down fifty dollars, and ordered one of the pictures sent home.

The two men left the picture-dealer's and walked on, Godwyn elated by his purchase, and Martin well satisfied at having successfully resisted the temptation to spend the sum of fifty dollars for a painting, when he had other use for his money.

"You will regret not having bought that picture," said Godwyn. "It is a gem, and is offered at half its value."

"I love pictures," was answered. "They are to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. But my in-

come is yet too limited to permit an indulgence of this taste. The common wants of life, and the charities which may not be disregarded, keep me without a surplus to expend in the merely ornamental."

"I am no better off than you are," said Godwyn. "But a portion of my income must go in the direction of beauty and ornament. Bare walls are my abhorrence—"

At this moment a cry of warning reached the ears of the two men, and looking forward along the street, they saw a horse, attached to an empty wagon, dashing toward them at a frightful speed. A little way in advance stood a cart, backed up to the pavement. Before the owner of this, an Irishman, had time to turn his horse, the runaway was upon him, and one of the shafts striking his poor beast on the head, killed him on the spot.

"Poor fellow!" said Martin, in a tone of pity, as he heard the Irishman bewail his loss.

"Come," said Godwyn, drawing upon the arm of his friend. "It's a mercy for the poor, half-starved beast."

But Martin stood still, and began to ask the Irishman questions. His looks corroborating his replies, satisfied him that the loss he had just met was the loss of means for getting bread for his children. The man was in deep distress.

"I can't wait here," Godwyn spoke, with some impatience. "Come, or I shall have to leave you. That picture will be home before I get there."

"Go on, then. I must look a little further into this case," said Martin, quite in earnest.

"Humph! You'll have your hands full if you stop to look into every case of this kind." Godwyn spoke a little contemptuously, and then went forwards.

"Ah, Martin!" said he, as the latter entered his store about two hours afterwards, "How comes on your Irishman and his dead horse?" There was an amused expression on his face.

"Badly enough at present," was answered. "Poor fellow! The death of his horse is to him indeed a calamity; like the burning of a mechanic's shop with all his tools; or the sinking of a merchant's ship, wherein was all his fortune. But I think we can put him all right with the world again, and at a very small cost to ourselves. I propose that five individuals contribute ten dollars each, and buy him another horse. Here is the list; I have put down my name, and Gregg has followed suit. You will make the third, and I know who to calculate on for the fourth and fifth subscriptions."

Martin only partly unfolded his subscription paper, for a strong negative came instantly into the face of Godwyn.

"I'm too poor to make ten-dollar subscriptions for the purchase of cart-horses for beggarly Irish-

men," he answered. "If I once undertook that business, I would soon have my hands full. Take my advice, and keep your money, your time, and your pleasant feelings, and don't waste either in the thankless task of collecting money to pay for dead horses."

But Martin, though disappointed, was not turned from his good purpose. He succeeded in getting thirty-five dollars subscribed, and then, adding fifteen from his own purse, he went to the humble abode of the poor Irishman, whom he found, half-stupid with despondency, amid his sorrowful wife and children.

"Come, come, Jimmy Maguire!" he said, cheerfully, "this will never do. Brighten up, man!"

"There's no brightening up for me, yer honor," replied Jimmy, sadly. "Poor Barney is kilt dead," and he drew his hand across his eyes. "The cart's of no use now, and if I was to die for it, I couldn't find money to buy another horse. Och! yer honor, and what is to become of us all?"

The picture that Martin looked upon in that humble abode lay all in deep shadow. There was not upon it a single gleam of sunshine.

"What did Barney cost?"

"I paid thirty-five dollars for him, hard-earned money, and he was chape at that, yer honor."

"Find another horse as good, or even a little better than Barney, and I will buy him for you, Jimmy. Some kind gentlemen have placed money in my hands for that purpose."

Broad dashes of sunlight fell instantly on the living picture, which lay a moment before in deepest shadow.

"Oh, sir! Is it indade as you say?" Jimmy caught the arm of Mr. Martin, and looked into his face almost wildly.

"Just as I say, Jimmy Maguire. Find the horse, and I will make him yours."

From the valley of grief and despair, to the mountain-top of joy, the Irishman's household passed, as by a single stride. They overwhelmed their benefactor with noisy gratitude, and placed him at once high in the calendar of saints.

That evening Mr. Godwyn sat alone in his parlor. The picture was on the wall, but his eyes were already less than half-satisfied with its beauty, and had ceased to turn themselves towards it for pleasure. A friend had been invited home at tea-time to look at this picture. He had an artist's eye, and knew a good painting from a bad one. Unfortunately for Mr. Godwyn, he detected glaring faults in the landscape, and did not hesitate to pronounce it a fourth-rate affair, and dear at the price which had been paid. Mr. Godwyn was unhappy.

On the same evening sat Martin alone, gazing at a picture, the sight of which gave him inexpressible pleasure. It was not hanging upon the parlor walls, inclosed in gilded frame, but

grouped in his thought, and vivid as life itself. We need not describe this picture. The reader knows that it represented the poor Irishman and his delighted family. Imagination had painted it in richest colorings, and memory was enshrining it in perennial beauty. There was no power in time to rob that picture of its charming freshness. Its possession could not bring a reproving thought; no critic was skilled enough in art to find a defect, and thus lessen the owner's appreciation. It was worth a thousand such pictures as the one his friend had already ceased to value.

The lesson, reader, is for us all.

If we were as ready to hang the chambers of our minds with beautiful pictures, as we are the walls of our houses, what pleasures would we lay up in store for the time to come. As we grow older, we insensibly fall into the habit of looking inwards. We see more with the eyes of the mind than we do with the eyes of the body—oftener gaze upon the pictures that cluster on memory's walls, than upon those which hang on the walls of our dwellings. Oh! let us then give beauty and happiness to the future by daily acts of kindness—by tender charities—by deeds of human love. These will group themselves into pictures, upon which, as years glide away, and the eyes look more and more inwards, we shall gaze with purest delight; for time cannot deface them, neither will familiarity rob them of a living interest. And these are the pictures which are not left hanging upon walls that shall know his presence no more when a man lays down the burdens of natural life. He takes them with him, as he takes the precious silver of divine truth, and the fine gold of celestial love; and they will help to make beautiful the mansion prepared for him above. Good deeds are the stepping-stones to heaven. T. S. A.

MORAL HEALTHFULNESS.—If moral healthfulness is contagious, it is a powerful reason for each one of us to cultivate it in himself. The helpfulness that we can render to others by direct efforts is far less than that we can bestow by simply living a true and noble life. Goodness emanates from the good, as fragrance from the flowers, as unconsciously and as freely. Their very presence is a perpetual inspiration. Professor Tyndale, in speaking of Faraday, once said, "His work excites admiration, but contact with him warms and elevates the heart." Could we believe that our characters died with our bodies, we might perhaps weary in our efforts to improve them; but, when we remember that they are constantly transferring themselves into others, re-creating the same qualities, and sending their influence down to posterity in ever-widening circles, how can we ever lack a motive sufficiently powerful to induce us to live such lives and to form such characters as are worthy of reproduction?

THE COPTS.

THE Copts are the Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They are in number about 150,000, only about one-fourteenth of the population of the country. There are about

black turban. Their character is in general gloomy, deceitful, and avaricious. They are very expert in calculations, and are therefore much employed as accountants and bookkeepers, by which they have acquired a great influence in the country, filling very important posts. In re-



COPTIC MAIDEN.

10,000 of them in Cairo. They are not of great stature, have black eyes and rather curly hair, and in a number of points resemble the ancient Egyptians, from whom also they have inherited the custom of circumcision. They dress like the Moalems, but are generally distinguished by a

ligion they are generally monophysites (*monophysite*, one who maintains that Christ had but one nature), of the Jacobite sect; smaller sections of them, however, are united to the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. They ascribe their conversion from heathenism to St. Mark, whom they

regard as the first patriarch of Alexandria. Their highest dignitary is the patriarch of Alexandria, whose residence, however, is in Cairo. Their other orders of clergy are bishops, archpriests, priests, deacons, and monks. The patriarch is named by his predecessor from among the monks of St. Anthony, or chosen from among them by lot. He is not permitted to marry. He nominates the Metropolitan, or archbishop of Abyssinia, the country south of the several divisions of Egypt. There are twelve bishops.

The Copts are very strict in their religious observances, and hate other Christian sects even more than they hate the Moslems. They baptize by immersion; practice unction, exorcism, and auricular confession; and celebrate the Lord's Supper with leavened bread which has been dipped in wine. They keep Friday with great strictness as a fast-day.

They have many schools, but only for boys, who learn the Psalms, Gospels, and Apostolic Epistles in Arabic, and then the Gospels and Epistles in Coptic. The Coptic, however, is not grammatically taught, and is not now a spoken language, having been everywhere supplanted by the Arabic. It has not been spoken in Lower Egypt (or Egypt near the mouth of the Nile River) since the tenth century, but lingered for some centuries longer in Upper Egypt (Egypt near the middle and upper courses of the Nile). It is, however, still used by the Copts in their religious services, but the lessons, after being read in Coptic, are explained in Arabic.

The Coptic literature consists in great part of lives of saints and homilies, with a few Gnostic works (the Gnostics were a sect of early Christians, generally considered heretics). The Coptic alphabet was borrowed from the Greeks at the time of the introduction of Christianity, with the addition of a few letters. There are two principal dialects of the language—the Sahidic, or Upper Egyptian, and the Memphitic, or Lower Egyptian, which is sometimes exclusively called Coptic. A third dialect, the Bashmuric, of which only a few remains exist, was spoken in the Delta, or triangular territory between the mouths of the Nile, and is interesting from its points of resemblance to the language of the ancient hieroglyphics.

In their habits, customs, social and domestic life, the Copts follow very closely those of the other populations of Egypt. They rarely intermarry with other sects. In their marriage, a go-between (*vakeel*) is employed, and two-thirds of the dowry which goes with the bride is settled upon her during her life. Marriages are celebrated on Saturday nights, and the festivities of the occasion are kept up for eight days. At these a singular custom prevails of attaching two balls to the wings of two pigeons, causing the birds to fly about until they are giddy, and then placing

them in two hollow globes of sugar, each set on a dish; the balls are afterwards broken and the birds set free to fly about the room.

The preparations for the marriage consist of ablution, a procession of the bride covered with a shawl, and attended with musicians, to the house of the bridegroom, stepping over the blood of a slaughtered lamb at the door, the crowning of the bride and the bridegroom, and subsequent entertainments, which are much abridged or omitted when a widow is married. The etiquette is not to leave the house for a year to pay visits.

THE "OLD ARM-CHAIR."

A laughable incident took place at a sale by auction, in a market town in Herefordshire. A gentleman of the medical profession, previous to the sale alluded to, became aware that at it would be offered an "easy chair," of which he was most desirous to become the purchaser. As he was not able himself to attend the sale, he commissioned a friend to become its purchaser. So much were his thoughts set upon "the old arm-chair," that he afterwards mentioned to another friend the circumstance of such an article being for sale, and likewise told him how glad he should be to become possessed of it, it being just the thing he wanted to rest his weary limbs after being engaged in the fatigues of his profession.

The day of sale arrived, and "the old arm-chair" was duly offered. It soon reached what the auctioneer considered its value, and "Going, going, gentlemen, without an advance," said the knight of the hammer.

He was not allowed, however, to say "gone," for there were two rival bidders who kept it "going" till the price reached at least four times its value.

The determined opposition of the rivals to each other's bidding caused considerable amusement in the room; each fresh advance was received with bursts of laughter, and the auctioneer wished he had a good many "old arm-chairs" to dispose of. At length, one of the parties seemed to think that if he made any further advance he should, indeed, be "paying too dearly for his whistle," and wisely gave in, when the auctioneer pronounced the irrevocable word "gone." The name of the purchaser was requested.

"Dr. So-and-so," said the successful competitor for the "old arm-chair."

"Why, bless my soul!" said his rival, "I have been bidding for the same gentleman."

This announcement was received with shouts of laughter, as an evidence that it is sometimes inconvenient to have too many friends. Had the doctor been fortunate enough to have had but one present, he would have obtained the article for less than one-fourth of the price he gave for it.

OUR HEROINE.

"SHE is getting to be a regular nuisance," said Melancthon, looking terribly disgusted, "I wish to gracious you'd sent her away."

"Do have a little sympathy, Mel.," I made answer; "I can't bear to send her away, when I don't suppose she has a real friend in the world to go to. It might be days before she could find another place. We must keep her awhile yet."

"The fittest place for her is an insane asylum; if it isn't a house of correction," my husband answered with heat. "I didn't believe in her at first; and a three weeks' acquaintance hasn't strengthened my confidence in her worth. I came through the kitchen, a minute ago, and there she sits, wringing her hands and shedding torrents of briny tears over a disreputable looking letter, which she made a great show of hiding from me, as if I wanted to see it!"

It was "our girl" we were speaking of. Well, not exactly our girl, either; perhaps, I should say, a young lady, who was staying with us temporarily; and as the manner of her introduction to us had been somewhat remarkable, I will recount the main features of the same.

On a dark, rainy evening, about three weeks previous, as we were sitting—I with my sewing and Melancthon with his paper, suddenly we heard a slight commotion on the porch, outside the window—a noise as of something falling, followed by a low moaning.

Melancthon hurried out, while I drew aside the curtain and held the lamp to the window, and there on the floor of the porch we saw a woman crouching down, shuddering and moaning, and seemingly in the last stages of exhaustion and distress. I threw up the window and leaned out.

"Oh, who is it?" I said; "and what is the matter? Do lift her up, Mel., and bring her in!" for there he stood, just looking at her, without offering to touch or help her. He is kind enough, Melancthon is, but terribly suspicious and cautious; so much so as to make him appear heartless and cruel to one not well acquainted with him. I set the lamp down and ran out upon the porch myself.

"You poor creature!" I said, "What is the matter? How came you in this forlorn condition?" For it struck me, then, as it had my husband, that there was no occasion for such a state of things, in our well-to-do and thickly settled neighborhood, where any poor tramp, if decently behaved, could always find food and shelter, for the asking.

She raised her head at my questions, and then holding out her hands towards me, begged me in the most piteous manner to befriend her; to take her in out of the unfeeling storm; for she was so cold and weary, and she had no friends, and the

world was, oh, so cruel! I was so angry with Melancthon for his cool, almost sneering manner while listening to her touching appeal. However, he helped her to rise, and allowed her to lean upon him while he led her tottering steps into the sitting-room, pushing me away most decidedly, when I attempted to support her upon the other side. Looking at her in the bright lamp-light, we saw a slight young girl, of possibly eighteen, certainly not more, with light-brown hair, and rather pretty features, the latter quite pale now from weariness, nicely and becomingly dressed, though wet and bedraggled as a matter of course; but, on the whole, except for this weariness and bedraggledness, exhibiting no such extreme indications of suffering and misery, as her words and manner had prepared me, at least, to behold. The weariness was well accounted for when Melancthon went and brought in her "luggage," as he called it—a large carpet-bag, well filled, and a good sized bundle in a shawl strap.

I removed her hat and wet outer-clothing, and then went to the kitchen and made a cup of tea, which I brought her, together with a plate of light food. She drank the tea eagerly, and ate a mouthful or two, and then broke out again into most touching appeals for shelter and protection.

"Don't judge me by present appearances," she plead; "I cannot tell you my name, or explain why I am here; but do trust me! I am innocent of any wrong—I am only unfortunate and unhappy."

I assured her, while Melancthon sat as silent and unsympathetic as an image, that she was safe with us for the night, at least; and that she need not explain a thing, but just go right to bed and rest and forget her trouble, whatever it was.

"Ah! forget it? If I only could!" she sighed.

Mel. insisted upon locking her bed-room door on the outside. "No," he said, "not that I think she is particularly wicked or depraved—she don't look like that, but she has a weak face and head, and she may be a tool in the hands of others not as harmless as herself. Anyhow, I prefer to have control of her movements, for to-night, at least."

The next morning, she told me a pitiful tale of love and devotion, of cruelty and oppression; and ended by begging me to let her stay with me, as a servant or any thing, she was willing to work, she would do it gladly and would bless me for the privilege, for a few weeks, when she hoped to be able to communicate with some friends who would take her part and shield her from further wrong.

Her story, as she told it, was to the effect, that she was the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman, and that she had, up to the last year of her life, enjoyed every indulgence she could crave, or that money could procure. Since about a year ago, however, everything had been changed. The circumstances which had wrought the change were

these: She was one day driving alone, as was often her wont, when her horse took fright and became unmanageable, and was dashing away, bearing her to certain death, when a young man who was out gunning, sprang over the fence by the roadside, caught the frantic animal by the bit, and at the risk of his own life clung to him, and finally succeeded in mastering him, at a moment when a few more leaps would have been inevitable death to them all. Such heroic courage won her heart on the spot; and before many weeks she had the bliss of knowing that she was as dear to him as he to her. But he was poor; and her father forbade her receiving his visits, or holding any correspondence with him. This nearly broke both their hearts; but they would have borne it, and waited patiently for years, hoping that time would soften her father's cruel opposition, but about this time, a neighbor, a widower and immensely rich, though quite as old as her father, began to persecute her with his attentions, and both her parents seconded his suit. She utterly refused to entertain a thought of him, and took every means in her power to avoid him—hiding in her own room whenever she knew of his presence in the house; but this only made her father furious and more determined. At last, instead of the kindest and most indulgent of parents he became almost abusively cruel, and between his upbraidings, and the sickening attentions of the aged would-be lover, her life at home had grown to be a living torture. Unable longer to endure such misery, she had left home and wandered away, not knowing or caring where she went, if only she could escape such cruel persecution.

"But what of your lover?" I asked. "Does he know of your flight?"

No, oh! no! he knew nothing, nothing. But he would be true; he would wait; and a good Providence would take pity on them and bring them together sometime. And now would I keep her? Might she not stay, and be my servant, even? The most menial work she would gladly do in return for a home, for a few weeks at least.

I felt greatly interested in her case, and anxious to befriend her, and to my surprise Melancthon did not make any serious objections. He did not, to use his own words, "take much stock in her"—her story might be true and it might not, more likely "not"; but, if I wanted to keep her, and she would be of any use to me, while Anna Jane was away, why I might; but he guessed I'd be sick enough of my bargain.

Anna Jane had lived with us, going on three years; but she was away now, on her annual visit home; and a little help, though not of the most skilful character, which I suspected might be the case in my present venture, would be very welcome. So after my conference with my husband, I went back to my wife, and told her that she

might stay awhile and assist me with the lighter portion of my housework and my sewing.

"But what am I to call you?" I asked when, half an hour later, she came down stairs in a neat gingham house dress, and a lovely, frilled white bib apron, and announced herself ready to take hold of any work I wished to set her about.

"Call me Constance," she replied, pensively, "Constance Marie Atheling," and taking the dish-towel from my hand, she deftly dried the cups and spoons with the skill of a practiced hand.

Melancthon laughed so, when I told him her name, that I had to join him a little, though I tried not to do it, for really he is too cynical, sometimes, to be endured, much less encouraged.

"Fancy," he said, "having your rooms dusted, and your dishes washed, by the fair hands of Constance Marie Atheling! It is quite too utterly utter."

Well, three weeks had passed, and, although she had served me quite beyond my expectations, still, she was, as Melancthon had just said, a good deal of a nuisance. Tears seemed to be her natural element, so to speak; and Mel. declared, with the most comic seriousness, that, without the slightest doubt, she had been a mermaid in some previous stage of her existence, for in no other way could her exhaustless supply of brine be accounted for. She wept at everything. Commendation would bring tears of gratitude to her eyes; while a little mild criticism, or reproof, would throw her into a paroxysm of weeping, mingled with the most pathetic appeals to our pity and forbearance. She would start and tremble at the ringing of the door-bell, and would fly and hide at every strange voice or step in the hall. She lived in mortal fear, she said, lest her cruel father should discover her retreat and regain possession of her. If she went out to a neighbor's or to the store, which I sometimes prevailed upon her to do, to execute some little commission for me, she always wore some of my outer clothing, and covered her face closely with a veil, fearing that spies might be in the vicinity who would recognize her. Nobody did recognize her, however, and nothing happened out of the common, and I began to have grave doubts as to her genuineness, and to wonder, also, what I would do with her when Anna Jane came back, which would be very soon now. I had been studying over the problem, when Melancthon came in with his outburst.

Now, that letter. That was a new development and gave a fresh impetus to my awakening distrust; and as soon as Mel. was gone, I determined upon a little private detective practice, "all alone by myself." I prevailed upon "Miss Atheling" to do an errand for me, which would keep her absent a half-hour or so, and, as soon as she was well away, I proceeded to her room. I never felt so mean in my life! I felt like a culprit my-

self, and just stood and gnawed my fingers. Unconsciously, I took up one of the pillows upon her bed, and there lay a letter—a disreputable one, surely, as Mel. had said—and a photograph. I took up the photograph first, and after glancing at that I had courage to examine the letter; for it showed a bad face—a bold, wicked eye, a heavy dark mustache, a hat set upon one side of the head, hands thrust into the pockets, and a cigar between the lips—in short, a rowdy. “Her noble lover!” I sneered, and felt my nose curl with disgust. Then without hesitation I opened the letter. It was badly written and worse spelled. It could not be called a love-letter, though it began with “dear deb”—rather the reverse, it struck me. “Yo hednt oder left hom,” the writer went on to say, without capitals or punctuation marks; “i haint got nothin ter mary on ef yo cud bring me a fu thowen the ol mans munny that might make it wuth a fellers wile ter setel down i never gin yo no incurigment without that yo better go back hom yore foks thinks yore ter yore ants ter the harber i never gut yore leter til last saterdy Jake”

“No wonder she cried over it,” I said, as I laid both letter and picture back under the pillow, and left the room.

When I saw Melancthon coming to dinner, I went and met him, a habit I had of doing, and told him what I had been “up to,” and the result; whereupon, he handed me the county paper which he had just taken from the post-office, saying there was an item in that which would throw additional light upon the matter. I read it at once. It ran thus:

“MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

“The family of Mr. Henry Jones, of N. Wingdom, are in great trouble at this time, in consequence of the unaccountable disappearance of their daughter, a young lady of seventeen. She left home, nearly three weeks ago, with the intention of paying a visit of a few weeks to an aunt living at Old Harbor. Yesterday, the aunt arrived at N. Wingdom, and was greatly surprised when the parents of the young lady inquired for their daughter. They, in turn, were equally surprised to learn that she had not been at her aunt's at all.”

There were more particulars given, but these will suffice.

My first impulse was to go and show this to Miss Constance Marie, but Melancthon said, “No, wait a little. She's an awful nuisance, and I want to get rid of her, the sooner the better, but I should prefer placing her in the hands of her father and mother, than to have her start off upon the tramp again, as she might, if she knew we suspected her; so we'll not let her see this paper, and we'll arrange to let Mr. Henry Jones know that his sadly abused daughter is here.”

Now our place was quite out of the line of railroad and telegraphic communication, and North Wingdom was between twelve and fifteen miles distant; but it so happened that my father and mother lived about half way between that place and us, and from there there was direct communication; so we planned that I should drive out to my father's for a day's visit, as I had long been talking of doing, and from there telegraph to the Joneses, intimating that they could learn something of their missing daughter by coming to see me.

The next morning I started, bright and early, and before noon was face to face with a very excited individual who said his name was Henry Jones, and who after the exchange of two or three questions and answers I was convinced was no other than the father of our Constance Marie, more properly, plain Debby Jones.

He was a plainly dressed, farmer-looking man, with a good-natured, intelligent face—a face quite as much at variance with the character of “cruel parient,” as was the photo I had found under the pillow with that of noble young lover. “So!” I said to myself; “two characters in the play disposed of.” But there was the rich *old* lover, and I still had a little faith in his genuineness—just enough to prevent my going over to the father's side, without a little more inquiry.

We were not long in coming to him, however, for at Mr. Jones' request, I began and gave him, as nearly as I could, the story told me by his daughter on the morning after her arrival at our house, making quite as much of the *old* lover as the facts of the case would warrant, for the purpose of drawing him out upon that particular point.

“Is it possible! Is it possible!” he kept repeating, helplessly, all through my recital, and his grief and mortification were pitiable to witness.

He said nothing for some little time after I had finished, struggling for the mastery over his feelings, as I could see, and when he did speak his voice was husky, and had a just perceptible tremor in it.

“It is all false,” he said, sadly shaking his head. “It is an awful thing to say, but the story is false from first to last. I wouldn't have believed her capable of it. But I understand it—or partly, at least. I say it as *all* false, but there are shades of truth here and there through it, as you will see when you hear my version of it.”

“Debby is all the girl we have; and a nicer little thing—one more truthful, or trustful, or loving and obedient there never was or need be, until she was thirteen or fourteen years old; all taken up with her books, and her school, and her music; willing to do anything we asked her, and anxious to help her mother and be of use to me and her

brothers. Well, about this time we got a new hired girl into the house; and what does she bring but a trunkful of these dime novels. Besides that she took a weekly story paper—a great reader, you know she prided herself upon that fact; one of those trashy, wishy-washy things, all sensation, mere froth, when they're not worse, and it wasn't long before she had little Debby over head and ears in those books and papers. We didn't think much of it at first, but after awhile I began to see that it was making another kind of a girl of her, and spoke against it a few times. My wife rather took sides against me; said it wasn't good for the child to study all the time, the mind needed recreation as well as the body; and, besides, that one would learn a good deal of the ways of the world from such reading, even when the stories themselves weren't of any account. But after awhile, she, too, began to see the mischief that was brewing. Why, the girl got so that she didn't care for anything but a love story. Her school and her music-lessons were no longer of any account, and when she was at home, evenings and Saturdays, instead of doing as formerly, helping her mother, and chattering over her school gossip, or else singing about the house like a bird, she'd be curled up somewhere over a miserable dime novel, crying over it, maybe, and we had no more pleasure or satisfaction from her company than if she'd been an idiot or lunatic.

"Then, living so much on such trash, she at last got to putting on the ways and airs and styles of the characters she associated with, so to speak. She was ashamed of her homely old fashioned name for one thing; and what was worse, she got so that if she was interfered with, censured or opposed in anyway, she appeared to think we wanted to tyrannize over her, persecute her, as she sometimes called it. Well, that's the way things have been going on for two years or more, and it's terrible, you may well believe; but for the last six months it's been worse. About that length of time ago, she got into a little difficulty, one day, when she was out driving—some little affair, I don't just remember what—and a young man, one of our neighbor's sons, helped her out and she made a great thing of it, he saved her life, and all such, and she declared her intention of marrying him. Of course we couldn't allow that. The family is as low as can be, and the fellow himself is a regular scallawag, if you will excuse the term, —been in jail once, and came near going to state's prison, where he deserves to be now. And so we forbid her having any intercourse with him. To do the fellow justice though, I don't think he had any hand in her leaving home. But, about the old man. Bless you, that's all nonsense; pure nonsense. We have a neighbor, who is about my age, and a widower: and as his children don't seem to be much company for him, he spends a

good deal of time at our house, dropping in nearly every evening for an hour or two. Now, I remember the boys have joked Debby a little about him, and I believe I said once, that if she was anxious to marry she couldn't do better than marry him, but, bless your heart, I didn't mean anything, and supposed she knew I didn't.

"No, the whole miserable affair," said he rising and walking up and down the room in sudden agitation, "is due to those contemptible, infernal, devilish, dime novels, curse 'em! Beg your pardon; I don't often run into profanity, but when I think of what they've done for me and mine, it makes me so unrighteously mad, that I have to swear. I'd like to make a bonfire of the whole lot; and I'd pile the writers and the publishers of them on top of the heap, while I was about it, and I'd count the world well rid of them."

"Excuse me," I said, "but you must not place all the blame to their account. You must shoulder some of it yourself."

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, "I know what you would say, and acknowledge the justice of it. The sins of ignorance are pretty heavily visited sometimes. The truth is, I am no great reader myself—of stories I mean—of course I read the papers, and—books that suit me—and I never till lately knew the difference between really good fiction and the trashy sort—thought novels were just novels, and they were all alike, fit only for weak women and silly girls; but I had no idea, either, of the mischief that could be got out of the most of them."

"I visited a cousin of mine out west, some six months ago, and there I learned the difference in novels; and I learned another lesson, too. He has a family of four boys and three girls, aging all along from six years to twenty-six, and I declare! I never saw such a household! Why, every evening I was there it was as good as a lecture, or concert, or church, or a play—reading, singing, reciting, or, just talking! It was wonderful! Why the fifteen-year-old girl was tip-top company, even for an old fellow like me—knew more, in fact, than I did, of affairs out in the world, and kept the run of politics, too, pretty well. No trash there, I tell you! No dime novels and *weeklies*!"—giving the word such an indescribable utterance mingled with so much contempt that there could be no mistake about the spelling—"plenty of reading, too—the best books, the best magazines, fiction, poetry, biography, travels; and the New York Tribune, of course. And my cousin is not a rich man either; they have to work for all they have. If I'd only made that visit ten, or even five years ago—"

Here I interrupted eagerly, suggesting that he send Debby out to this cousin for a good long visit.

"She is so young," I said, "and so ready to

take on new ways and fancies, that such associations and associates as you describe cannot fail to do her good—perhaps make a new girl of her."

"The very thing!" he responded, brightening up wonderfully. "I'll send her out there right away; and then I'll have some of her cousins home with her for a good long visit. She is young—only sixteen—the paper got it seventeen, but she isn't—and there's time yet to make a first-class woman of her, with God's help."

After a little more talk, in which it was arranged that he and his wife should drive out to our place on the following day to bring home the runaway, he took his leave.

I said nothing of all this to Miss Atheling, until the next day. But when I thought it was nearly time for her parents to arrive, I could not resist the temptation to surprise her a little, so I said quietly, as we sat together, sewing:

"I saw your father yesterday, Constance; and I presume he and your mother will drive out to see you, to-day. In fact, I expect them now, any minute."

She dropped her work, threw up her hands and gasped out:

"Betrayed!" and then fell to ringing her hands and weeping, reproaching me in broken sentences for my treachery, and saying that now she must fly, and again become a wanderer and an outcast, etc., etc., when she had hoped she had found a friend and a shelter.

I let her go on, sewing steadily, and laughing quietly to myself, until she started up and made for the door, for the purpose of "flying," as I supposed, and then I sprang past her, closed the door and setting my back against it, said, sternly:

"Now, see here, Debby Jones! This is the nineteenth century—pretty well towards the end of it, too. The age of cruel parents, persecuted damsels, and valiant knights, is past. It is a matter-of-fact world now, and matter-of-fact people live in it, and your best course is to be matter-of-fact and sensible with the rest of mankind."

I said much more, but my lecture was cut short by the arrival of her parents.

She was shame-faced, and silent and tearful for awhile, but her mother was so loving, and withal so delighted at finding her well, and with no real scandal attached to her conduct (except that of extreme silliness), and her father was so tender and forgiving, and they both seemed so disposed to pass the affair off as lightly as possible, that it was not long before she began to rally, and look brighter and happier than I had ever seen her. I feel convinced that she was quite as much relieved at the favorable termination of her foolish escapade as either of her parents, and when they all drove away together after dinner, three happier looking people one seldom sees.

Melancthon and I often laugh about our hero-

ine, and whenever anything about the place is to be named, from a kitten, or a puppy, or a chicken, or a calf, up to a baby's doll, or a baby itself, "Constance Marie" comes in for the first consideration.

SUSAN B. LONG.

THE IDEAL.

I THINK the song that is sweetest
Is the one that's never sung—
That lies at the heart of the singer,
Too grand for mortal tongue.
And sometimes in the silence
Between the day and night,
He fancies that the measures
Bid farewell to the light.

A picture that is fairer
Than all that have a part
Among the masterpieces,
In the marble halls of art,
Is the one that haunts the painter,
In all his golden dreams,
And to the painter only
A real picture seems.

The noblest, grandest poem,
Lies not in blue and gold,
Among the treasured volumes
That rosewood book-shelves hold,
But in brighter glowing visions,
It comes to the poet's brain,
And when he tries to clasp it
He finds his efforts vain.

A fairy hand from dreamland
Beckons us here and there,
And when we strive to clasp it
It vanishes into air;
And thus our fair ideal,
Floats always just before,
And we, with longing spirits,
Reach for it evermore.

LEAH.

A SUNNY ROOM.—If you are fortunate enough to have large windows in your house, do not darken them with shutters or heavy curtains until only a straggling ray of sunlight can be seen. If bay-windows are too expensive, a very desirable substitute can be had by placing two ordinary-sized windows side by side, with a wide capacious ledge at the bottom, for seats or for plants. A room with a window like this cannot fail to be cheery, and its effect in a simple cottage house is quite sumptuous. There is likewise in its favor the fact that it is less exposed than the deep bay-window to outer heat and cold. To sleep on unsunned beds in unsunned chambers and to work day after day in unsunned rooms, is the unrepented sin of half a nation, vigorously affirms a prominent writer. Dwell in the sunniest room your house affords.

SQUIRE TREVLINN'S WILL.

IT was a strange will, this one made by Squire Trevlinn; and his only child, Bessie, thought it a very hard and cruel one, and, sitting on the steps of the broad oak stairs, she cried bitterly. He had been a loving father, and why he should have left his will in such a manner, was a question that puzzled all who knew about it.

When the late Squire Trevlinn was a young fellow, he had sown many wild oats, and his father told his young son Tom, that if he married Mollie Duncan, the seamstress' pretty daughter, he would cut him off without a shilling.

But nevertheless young Tom did marry her, and the old Squire remained true to his word for many years, and Tom and his pretty wife had to fight a hard battle to keep the wolf from the door. Then the young couple had a child born to them, and one day when the little Bessie had reached her third year she ran away from home; passing the old Squire's mansion, she peeped into the garden through a large break in the old stone wall.

Ah! it was so lovely in there, and the child gave a sigh of pleasure; the grass looked so soft and green, and then the roses—so in a moment Bessie had slipped her small self through the break in the wall, and her dimpled fingers were soon busily employed in pulling all the choicest roses she could reach.

And there the old Squire found her, and when he looked in amazement down upon the small intruder, Bessie lifted her big brown eyes to the stern old face; and the Squire knew to whom the little one belonged, for she had Tom's soft brown eyes, and the small dark head, all roughened and wind-tossed, awoke old memories in the Squire's heart.

Nearly thirty years ago his hands had smoothed tenderly just such another little head as this; and so it happened that when that afternoon both Tom and Mollie were wondering where they should go to look for their darling, they saw her coming up the hill towards the little brown cottage; but she was not alone, for one small hand was tightly clasped in one of the Squire's big ones.

So peace was made between them all, and the next day Tom and his small family moved away from the little cottage, and the old mansion welcomed back its young master. But the Squire did not long enjoy his happiness; for three days later, while out hunting, he was thrown from his horse; they brought him home, and then, after hastily sending for his lawyer, and giving Tom his own again, he, with Bessie's hands clasped in his, quietly passed away.

In the years that followed, Tom found that both he and Mollie had made a sad mistake, for Mollie was but a child when she married, and Tom had scarcely reached man's estate. They never really

had quarrelled with each other, for Tom was too much of a gentleman, and Mollie liked to have peace and quiet around her. But they each felt that they were going separate ways, and the only tie between them was the little Bessie, and for her sake much was borne on both sides.

But three summers after the old Squire died, Bessie was left motherless; and so Tom became father and mother—both in one—to his little daughter.

The days at the old house quietly passed on, until Bessie had left the days of her childhood far behind her, and the young girl, with all the glory of womanhood shining out from her brown eyes, was scarcely less lovely to look upon than had been the little Bessie, twenty years ago.

But one day a dark shadow fell across her life, and Bessie lost the tender father who had been all her world for so many years; and what made it still harder, was that some day she might leave the dear home. Squire Trevlinn had left everything to Bessie, but with certain conditions: if she married without her guardian's consent before her twenty-sixth year, she must lose the old mansion and the greater part of her fortune.

Her guardian, Sir Kenneth Clinton, she had never seen; he had been absent from England for a number of years, and so he was very little known by either the gentry or the commoners. But to his lawyer Squire Trevlinn had explained who Sir Kenneth was, and why he had made his will in such a shape.

Sir Kenneth was the son of an old college friend of the Squire's; the old Sir Kenneth had been a truly good man, in every sense of the word, and his son was fast following in his footsteps; he was not a very young man, being nearly thirty-five, and so to his care the Squire left his daughter, feeling that her future would be tenderly looked after.

Sir Kenneth was to live six months out of the twelve at the mansion, so ran the will. So to-day, Bessie awaits anxiously her guardian's arrival; presently the noise of carriage wheels is heard, and Bessie's cheeks grow crimson with excitement, while her small hands clasp and unclasp each other nervously, as she walks to the window and looks eagerly out.

Sir Kenneth, coming slowly up the shady walk, takes in the pretty picture at a glance. The young girl standing there, with her soft dark robes, and her cheeks all a vivid crimson, and the sun stealing in through the quaintly arched window, forming a sort of halo all about the brown head.

Then his eyes wandered off to where through the trees there are shimmering lances of white marble to be seen; and his heart goes out in pity to the young girl standing there, so alone in the big world.

"Sir Kenneth, my guardian, I believe," says a wistful voice, and in a moment he is holding both

Bessie's hands, and looking down into the brown eyes that are brimming over with tears.

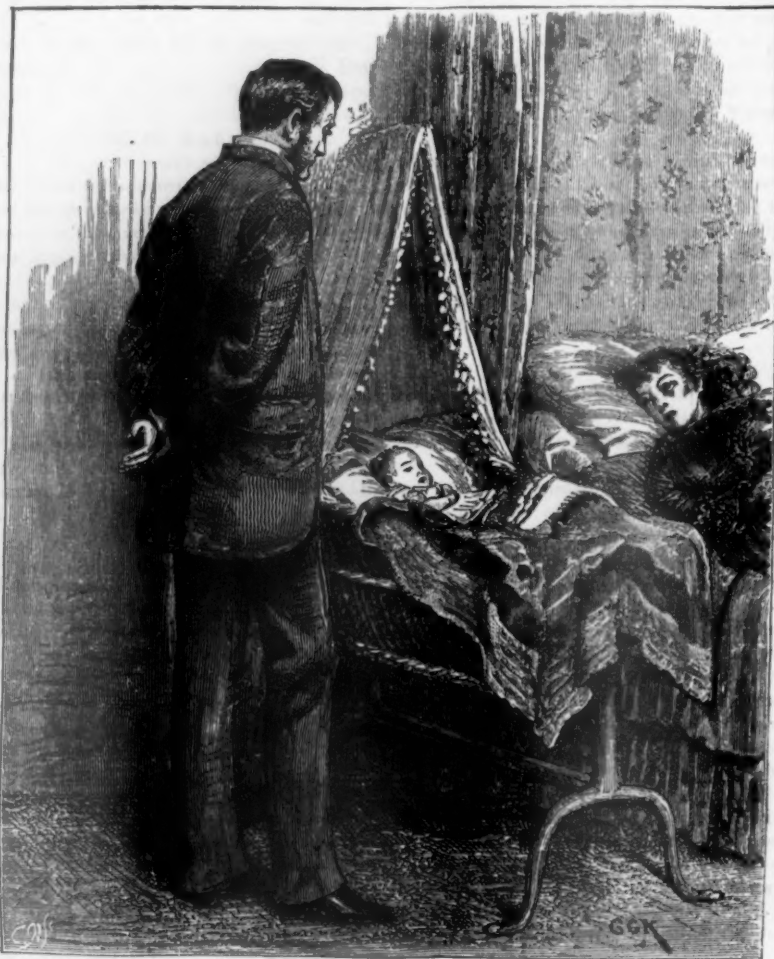
Sir Kenneth is a noble looking man, tall and finely built, his face is very grave, except when he smiles, then his grey eyes seem full of sunshine; and, though Bessie had made up her mind to dislike him, she finds that she cannot do so.

When the first six months are drawing to a

"You need not be afraid," Bessie says, with just a little quiver of her voice, "I will never marry at all."

Sir Kenneth looks keenly at Bessie; the slender figure is drooping, and the hands are clasped tightly together.

"Oh, child!" he cries impulsively, "I would lay down my life to make you happy."



close, and Sir Kenneth begins making his preparations for departure, Bessie feels that life is very hard, indeed. And when Sir Kenneth takes her off into the drawing-room for a farewell talk, she feels as if she cannot bear it.

"Bessie," he says, looking at her very gravely, "it is hard, I know, for you to feel that so much of your future happiness is in my keeping. But try and love some one worthy of you, and I—"

"You!" says Bessie, "would you really care if I were happy or not?"

"Of course I care," Sir Kenneth answers, "when I love you with all my heart."

Bessie says never a word, but looks at him as if she did not quite comprehend his meaning.

"Child," he says, eagerly taking both her hands, "if only you would be my wife—will you?"

"Will I!" cried Bessie, her cheeks carnation

color, "why, I dare not marry against your wishes, you know; so I will have to say yes," but she looks as if the "yes" was a very pleasant thing to say.

So there is a quiet wedding at the old house, and Squire Trevlin's daughter makes a bonny Lady Kenneth. Sir Kenneth and his bride take a pleasant wedding journey, and when Bessie returns she scarcely knows the old mansion, it has blossomed out in such magnificent splendor.

So the weeks and months go on, until a year has passed, and Bessie is thoroughly happy; but one day in looking over some old papers, she finds a leaf from a private diary belonging to Sir Kenneth.

Then all the world grows dark and dismal. The leaf bears a recent date, and on it Sir Kenneth regrets that he has made such a miserable mistake; he really thought at the time, that he loved Bessie, but now, when too late, he finds out his mistake; but—he writes—that she shall never know it, he will always be very tender to her, and—but here the leaf is torn so badly that Bessie can read no more.

Sir Kenneth wonders why it is that Bessie has changed so, and Bessie, poor child, says not a word about her discovery; but her eyes have lost their happy look, and her lips almost always forget to smile.

There is a guest at the mansion, now, and that makes it still harder for Bessie; for Lady Clara Kingston watches her very sharply, and Bessie does not wish to be pitied.

After Lady Clara goes away, Bessie can keep up no longer; she is very sick for many weeks with brain fever, and after that has passed away, and she is beginning to recover, a little daughter is born to her.

It is a little spot of sunshine in Bessie's darkened life, but still the happy light does not return to her sad eyes, and her strength comes back but slowly.

Sir Kenneth feels very proud as he glances down at his little daughter lying so quietly in her tiny bed. And then he looks at the young mother, whose face is almost as white as the snowy pillows upon which her brown head is resting.

But one day Bessie receives a letter, and Sir Kenneth comes in just as she has finished reading it.

"Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth!" she cries, and all the old-time gladness is shining in her eyes, "Why did she treat me so? I did her no wrong; how could I help loving you?"

Sir Kenneth looks at Bessie startled.

"She is going to have brain fever again," he thinks.

"See!" says Bessie, holding up the torn leaf of the diary, "I—how could I help thinking that you wrote it? And it was all Lady Clara. She writes

that she is very sick, she has not long to live, and she is very sorry now, for all she has made me suffer; she says that she loved you, and that I came and took you away from her, and so she hated me; and that was why she wrote that leaf and put it in among my papers, knowing that of course I would find it very soon. Poor Lady Clara! I forgive her; and oh, Kenneth! I am very happy."

So the cloud has blown away, leaving the sun shining brightly down on the life of the little Lady Kenneth.

HAMILTON.

ETHEL'S DECISION.

IN a handsomely furnished room a husband and wife were sitting in earnest conversation. And while there is a moment's lull in their talk, we will act the part of the physiognomist and take a view of their faces.

The face of the husband was refined in its appearance, and had it possessed an animated expression it would have been exceedingly handsome for a man of his years. But there was a weary look in his eyes, and the whole countenance betokened an unhappy state of mind.

That of his wife was well preserved and handsome. There was nothing sad and weary looking in her face, nor was there the expression that indicated a gentle, loving spirit within; but the restless bright look in her eye was a true evidence of an ambitious spirit.

"What did you say the supper would cost, Celia?"

"I have not estimated exactly, but think five hundred dollars will cover the whole cost of the evening's entertainment. When Helen Streetly was married, the supper alone cost one thousand dollars."

"But they had a large wedding, and Streetly is rich and well able to afford it. I thought you only wanted to invite a few friends and have a plain supper."

"What, a plain supper, John? I could never face society again, if we should allow our oldest daughter to marry, and furnish only a plain supper for the entertainment. I know we cannot afford to have a large wedding, but I think the next best plan is to invite a few of our intimate friends, and two or three of the most fashionable families, and by spending that amount we could give such an entertainment that society and the papers will call it a quiet but elegant affair."

"Five hundred dollars for a supper, five hundred dollars for wedding clothes, and one hundred for extra expenses. *Eleven hundred dollars* spent in making a vain show, and to keep up false appearances, when I can hardly support my family, so in need am I of means to carry on my business.

I tell you, Celia, I am not able to do it. The sum may seem small to you, but might be the means of so embarrassing my affairs that I could no longer keep my business running, and if that time comes there will be such curtailing in our family expenses as we have never known."

"You always talk just so, John, and yet we have lived and kept up appearances. When we gave the party to introduce Ethel into society, you talked as though we would be in the poor-house in a week, but you came out all right, and by giving the party we strengthened our standing in society."

"You would not say I came out all right if you could realize the extent of the sacrifices and hard work I endured in consequence of the amount that was spent then. If personal friends, who knew me to be honest, and who felt an interest in my welfare, had not been kind enough to help me, that very party would have been the cause of the sheriff closing my doors. That experiment was so hurtful to my business, and so humiliating to my feelings, that I shall certainly endeavor to avoid another."

"But, John, are we not, in some becoming way, to celebrate Ethel's marriage? Walter cannot afford a wedding tour, and, if we allow so important an event of her life to pass quietly by, we shall be laughed at, for being too poor to afford the expense of a wedding, and Ethel will not receive the attention from society she would if she entered her new position in style. It seems to me, very important for us to do all we can to maintain our standing in society, and do what we can towards establishing her position, also."

"If, by not conforming to a foolish and extravagant custom of society, I am enabled to pay my debts, to preserve an honest name among men, and to prevent my family from coming to want, I am willing to be laughed at by those who have nothing better to do. Did you ever think, Celia, that, if I were to fail in my business, the very people that you make such efforts to please would be the first to reproach you for being extravagant, and would have no sympathy for you in your misfortunes? Our whole married life has been one continued effort, one continued sacrifice of home duties and obligations, for the purpose of keeping up appearances and winning the favor of a shallow-minded set of people, whose interest in us would cease as soon as we could no longer keep up the style that such a life demands. There is nothing to such a life but care and disappointment, and I am becoming heartily sick of it. See the result of your manner of living. A large portion of your time is engaged in what you call society duties, making and receiving fashionable calls, attending different societies and gatherings for the sake of popularity, and giving much time to the constantly changing modes of dress. In the mean-

time, your household is left to the care of those you hire, and the consequence is, disorder usually reigns. George and Hattie are sadly in need of constant parental government, and they are now at the age when a mother's watchful care and loving sympathy would do much good in forming their characters. But if we continue to neglect them as we have done, we can blame ourselves only if sorrow is brought to our lives through them. My own time is so fully occupied in planning and working to secure the means for supporting our extravagant way of living that all other thoughts are crowded from my mind. The worry and care from my business during the day is so great that I feel unfitted for performing a father's duty to my children and taking the part in my family that I am conscious it is my duty to take. If we had occupied a position in society true to our circumstances when we were first married, and had been content to wait for expensive luxuries and pleasures until I was firmly established in business, our lives, or at least mine, would have been very different from what it has been. Our manner of commencing married life has proven fatally disastrous to the happiness and prosperity of many families, and I would far sooner see Ethel occupy an unpretentious home and give up all fashionable society customs, than to see her assume a position that I am sure will result unhappily to herself and family."

"What a strange mood you are in this morning, John. I almost believe you would have me shut myself up here at home, and spend my time doing household drudgery and watching over George and Hattie, as though they are not large enough to take care of themselves. Such a life has no attractions for me, and I would almost as soon die as to be compelled to lead it. I am surprised that you think our social standing is of so little importance. I felt sure that you would join with me in making Ethel's wedding one of the most pleasant affairs of the season, but instead of that you are not willing to afford the expense of it, and, what is even worse, you speak of wanting Ethel to commence house-keeping in a manner that would cut her off entirely from the class of people that she has always associated with. If you would not confine yourself so closely to your business, but accept some of the invitations with us, and mingle in company, as other men do, you would realize the importance of the efforts I make to maintain a good society standing."

"If I allowed myself the pleasure that other men enjoy, you would find that your present manner of living would soon stop. It is only by such close confinement to business and hard work that I can possibly meet our expenses."

This reference to his business reminded Mr. Arnold, for such was his name, that the early hour at which he usually sought his office, had

passed. He hastily arose and left his house, to commence another laborious day among bills and figures, planning and devising every way that would enable him to pay his debts and keep his business running.

As he walked along, his thoughts still lingered in his home he had just left, and such an overwhelming feeling of disappointment and sadness came to his mind as he had never felt it before. He recalled the ambitions of his early manhood when he had hoped, after years of faithful striving, to be classed among men of wealth, influence, and good deeds. But the one particular thought upon which his mind had loved to dwell at that time, was the ideal home he pictured for himself.

He possessed an intelligent mind, and a nature keenly susceptible to all refining and ennobling influences, and he had hoped, in course of time, to surround his family and home with every advantage that would promote their improvement and pleasure, and that their happiest hours would be spent in pleasant social intercourse. But he married a girl who had had social ambition instilled into her from her early childhood, and though the young husband worked hard and planned ingeniously in his business, he could do no more than meet the constantly increasing expenses of his household.

Time passed on, and while his business and income increased, the demand for money at home increased equally as much, until twenty years of business life had passed away and he still found himself just able to support his family, living in the extravagant way they did. For the first few years his buoyant, hopeful nature never flagged in his purpose. He often wished he could spend more time in his family, but consoled himself with the thought that the sacrifice of one day or evening then from such a pleasure would yield him many when he could afford to leave his business in other hands.

But in the last few years of his life he had been growing very discontented and discouraged over the prospect of his affairs. And on this particular morning, as he reviewed the past, and saw to what vain purposes his energies had been given, how far he was from realizing any of his hopes of true happiness for himself and family, and the utter hopelessness of any change for the better in the future, a reckless spirit took possession of his mind, and he half-determined to let his wife proceed with her extravagant plans and suffer the consequence of the failure in his business, which he felt sure would follow.

"Yes," thought he, "this mode of living can lead to but one end—financial ruin, and the sooner it takes place and is over with, the better for all concerned. I feel that I am no longer able to contend with the difficulties and endure the sacrifices that I have in the past, and, if I cannot, it

will be impossible to keep my business running, and the sooner I yield it all up, the better it will be. Celia will never realize the error of her plan of life until she has tasted the fruit of its legitimate result, and can never know the shallowness and insincerity of her chosen society until she sees how ready they are to forsake her in her hour of trial."

It was in this unhappy state of mind that he entered his place of business and sought his office to commence his labors. He had not been so engaged but a short time, when the door was gently opened and his daughter Ethel came in.

Just here we will take a glimpse at the character of this girl. Although she was so soon to assume the sacred and responsible position of a wife, she had but just passed her nineteenth year. But the mature expression of her face and her thoughtful disposition would easily betray one into believing her much older. This thoughtfulness of mind was one of the characteristics of her entire childhood, and the one difference between her and other children that was quite noticeable. A close observer of child-nature would have seen that, with careful discipline and cultivation, hers would have ripened into a beautiful character. But the mother who understood so little of her child's feelings, and the particular requirements of her disposition, called her peculiar, and thought, when she was old enough to enter society, her quiet, thoughtful ways would yield to the gayeties in which she mingled.

At a very early age, Ethel manifested great fondness for reading and study, and made such rapid progress that at the age of seventeen she left school, and in a few months was formally introduced into society, when her new life of fashionable pleasures commenced. Though her mother insisted on her going much into society, she still found much time for reading and self-improvement, which added greatly to her personal attractions.

Not long after she left school, at an informal party given by one of her school-friends, she first met Walter Freeman. He was a young man of fine personal appearance and possessed many noble qualities of mind. From the first of their acquaintance there was a strong mutual attraction, and Ethel enjoyed what she had never known before, the companionship of a congenial mind. From their frequent meetings in society their acquaintance grew into friendship, and their friendship ripened into a true, strong affection. Their engagement had lasted just one year and there were only a few weeks left before the young couple would commence life for themselves. The question of how they should commence was one that Walter had thought of a great deal.

He occupied a high position in a large mercantile establishment, and had the promise of entering

the firm as soon as he could command a certain amount of capital. He had been faithful to business and economical in his expenditures, that he might procure for himself so desirable a business relation, but he was very much afraid that, if they commenced their new life in the style in which Ethel had always lived, he would be compelled to sacrifice this cherished ambition. He was often tempted to explain to her his circumstances and ask her advice, but his pride intervened, for he was anxious to place her in the position that would give her the most happiness. But the time for their marriage was so near at hand that he felt the necessity of determining on the manner in which they would live. The more he thought of the subject, the more inadequate he felt himself to come to a right decision; and on the very morning on which our story opens, he concluded that the wisest plan would be to lay his circumstances before Ethel and abide by her decision, and for that purpose he resolved on seeing her that evening.

On this same morning, after taking breakfast with the family, Ethel procured a book and retired to a favorite seat in the embrasure of a large window to spend her accustomed hour in reading. She had been sitting here but a few minutes, when her parents entered the adjoining parlor, and as the door stood partly open she had been a listener to the conversation we have narrated.

As she listened to her father's recital of his struggles in business, in order to support their luxurious way of living, his pale, careworn face came to her mind, and she comprehended more in regard to his life, in one minute, than she had in all her life before. She loved her father devotedly, but his continual absence from home, and her reticent nature had prevented any understanding of their hearts' feelings, which, if understood, would have added so much joy to their lives. She sat for some time after her father left the house, thinking what she should do. All her noble, womanly impulses were aroused, and she felt anxious to do something for his happiness, and what she could to redeem the past, for she realized that she had been the indirect cause of much of his sacrifice. She suddenly arose, and after attiring herself for the street quietly left the house to seek her father's office.

When her father saw her, a deeper frown came over his face, and when he spoke, his voice was exceedingly irritable in its tone, for he supposed she had come to plead for the means to carry out her mother's plan of the wedding.

"What has brought you here at this early hour, Ethel?"

"Father, I overheard a conversation this morning between you and mother, in regard to celebrating my marriage, and it has made me so unhappy I felt that I must see you, and talk with

you on the subject. I knew it would do no good to talk with mother, for she is so determined on having a wedding and making a display, that I know she will be very angry with me for doing anything to thwart her plans, instead of helping her to carry them out. I have already been a great expense to you, and I feel that I have done so little in return for the sacrifices you have endured on my account. But, now that I know your financial condition, I cannot consent to any more than a very quiet marriage, however displeased mother may be. I regret so much that I did not understand the condition of your affairs before, for I am sure I could have lessened my expenses a great deal and done much to make your life happier. I now understand better, why all your days and evenings are spent over this desk and in your salesroom, instead of enjoying some of the time at home, and I cannot help feeling that it is very unjust."

So surprised was the father at the words of his daughter, and the earnestness with which they were spoken, that he sat for a minute in silence and wonder. He had been in such an unhappy frame of mind that he would have been grateful for sympathy from any one, and coming so unexpectedly from his own child, it was a source of great comfort to his troubled mind.

"Ethel, it is a great surprise to me, but a far greater pleasure, to hear you express yourself as you do. I thought yours and your mother's wishes on the subject were the same, and, if she is not willing to sacrifice her ambition that my life might be made easier and happier, I certainly did not expect you to do so on this important occasion of your life; and, I assure you, I fully appreciate the nobleness of the act. The fact that society will criticize our actions should be no guide in deciding a case like this. Every circumstance in connection should be considered to see if it is best for all concerned. In the present condition of my affairs, to spend such an amount as would be required would bring ruin to my business, and perhaps want to my family. So you can see how dearly to us the gratification of your mother's vain ambition would be bought. While, on the other hand, were I amply able to afford the expense, if you and Walter intended to commence your married life in a simple, quiet manner, under such circumstances, it would be both unwise and inconsistent to have an expensive wedding. And, Ethel, as your life's happiness and prosperity depend so much on the way you commence your new career, I want to give you a few words of advice on the subject: Wise management in starting will do much toward giving you happy, prosperous lives. Walter is yet but a poor man, and whether he rises above his present circumstances depends on the decision you make now in regard to living. There are two courses for you

to take, and you may be sure there is a result to either that is inevitable. If you provide yourselves with an expensive house, furnish it extravagantly, and try to maintain a style of living and a position in society that only people of wealth can afford, it is very probable that he will always remain poor. And yet, to be poor is not the worst feature of the case; but there is no happiness in such a life. You are continually seeking for what you will never find. Your lives will amount to no more than that of two slaves—your husband a slave to money-making that he may supply the extravagant wants of his family, and you a slave to the opinions and customs of a fashionable and unreasonable society. On the other hand, if you commence housekeeping in a simple, unpretentious home, furnishing it in a tasteful yet inexpensive manner, and adopting a style of living entirely within your income, I do not doubt that, with Walter's keen business tact and his industrious habits, it will not take many years to place you in independent circumstances. And while Walter spends his time earning the means to provide for your home, you should not spend yours in idleness. You should feel that your interests are identical; that your responsibility in preserving an orderly household and preventing waste and extravagance in your family is as binding on you, as his to supply the means of support is binding on him. By taking an active part in your household duties, you will form an interest in your home and a love for it that it would be impossible for you to feel if you left the management entirely to the care of servants; and in just the degree that you love your home will you make those around you happy. I have a high estimate of Walter Freeman as a young man of noble character and good sense, and I know he will marry you for the noblest motive that a man marries a woman; and I tell you Ethel, with such a husband and a pleasant little home furnished with means for intellectual enjoyment, if you are not contented and happy, there is nothing that will make you so. There is nothing else on earth that will give you such a degree of happiness in return for the work given as the joys of your own home."

"Father, I feel that you are right, and you can never know how truly grateful I am to you for speaking to me as you have. I have been thinking very seriously of late how unfitted I am for the position I am to occupy, and have wanted so much to be advised by some one capable of giving advice. However much I may desire to act for our future good, my experience in life has been such as to leave me incapable of judging what is best for me to do; but your words have shown me that I have a responsibility resting on me, and a duty to perform, and I shall make every endeavor so to act that there will be no un-

happy results in our lives. Mother is so anxious to have us commence housekeeping in elegant style, and, I confess I have been greatly influenced by her opinions on the subject, particularly when she spoke of my old friends calling on me and criticising our mode of living. But now that I know so well what will be the result of my actions in this step, I hope I will have the moral courage to adopt the style of living that Walter can afford without embarrassing him in the least. But, Father, I want you to unite with me in opposing any expensive plan that mother may have in regard to my marriage. You know she is very determined about anything of this kind, when she once undertakes it. I know she has spoken to several of her friends about it, and she will not give it up without making every possible effort to carry it through."

"Since my means are so limited, and you are willing to have a quiet marriage, I do not see but that she will have to yield her wishes on this occasion. If she has already spoken to outside friends about it, I am sure her mind is fully determined on the plan, and, if you had not decided so sensibly and expressed yourself as you have, I am afraid she would have succeeded in making such bills as would have ruined my business. When you entered my office, a few minutes ago, my heart was very sad over the prospect of trying to do what seemed so impossible. You have not only relieved my mind of a great burden, but it gives me untold pleasure to know that you possess some sterling qualities, that, if cultivated, will develop you into a noble woman. If you commence your married life aright, and give such noble impulses an opportunity to grow, I shall expect to see realized in your home what it was once my ambition to experience in my own. Had your mother given half the thought to the care and opinions of her family that she has given to society, ours would have been a very different home from what it has been."

A sympathetic feeling once established between the father and his daughter, they sat for some time in earnest, confidential conversation. On his part there was wise and loving advice, while on hers there was an expression of her heart's hidden store, that her father little thought she possessed. And while they are thus engaged, we will return to the home, and see how the wife and mother is employing her time.

After her husband's departure, she proceeded to perform what she considered her duty in the household work, which consisted in giving orders for the day to the two servants whom she employed, and seeing that her children, a boy of twelve years and a girl of nine, were suitably dressed for attending school. When this was done, she returned to the family parlor, and, with paper and pencil in hand, seated herself at a table and was soon deeply en-

grossed in thought; and it was very evident that the subject on which she was thinking was one in which she felt the deepest interest. It was evident, too, that prices played a very important part in her thoughts, for she would sit for several minutes in deep study, would then do a little figuring and the result was always dollars and cents which she placed in a column, as though they were to be added. So long and earnestly had she been thus engaged, that she had not noticed Ethel's departure nor her return. About the time that Ethel re-entered the room, her figuring was completed, and, with an animated expression on her face, she turned and addressed her daughter:

"I have just been planning on your wedding, Ethel, and, if your father will only afford the amount I have estimated for a small wedding, we can have a most excellent affair. The amount is greater than I supposed it would take, but the difference of one or two hundred dollars will not be very much; besides, I included a new carpet for the front parlor. We have needed one for a long while, and the one that is in there will answer for this room, and by throwing it open for the evening, we will have ample room for every purpose. I would like so much for us to arrange things and conduct the whole affair that we may win the admiration of all present for our good taste and skill."

So long had her actions been guided by her mother's wishes, that Ethel had not at first the courage to tell her what she had done, and the thoughts that were in her mind. But, however much she dreaded her mother's displeasure, which she knew she would incur, she felt now that it was her duty to speak.

"Mother, heretofore, in most of the affairs of my life, I have yielded my wishes to your judgment, but this morning's experience has revealed to me that, in deciding on the plans of my marriage, I must be left free to make the decision that my conscience dictates. I overheard yours and father's conversation on the subject this morning, and I have just returned from his office, where we talked the matter over and have fully decided that we will have only a very quiet marriage."

"Do you suppose, Ethel, that I am going to give up the plans that I have been months in forming because you and your father will not help carry them out? Since you both have lost all regard for public opinion, if I do not make every effort to keep up our standing, it will not be long before society will take no notice of us at all. What has brought this change to your mind in regard to your marriage? You have expressed yourself as anticipating the greatest pleasure from the occasion."

"After knowing the condition of father's affairs, I feel that I could never be happy again, were I to act otherwise. It seems to me now, that I have

been blind not to have seen before what a sacrifice his life is, that we may be supported in this luxurious style; and I know by the great expense I have been to him, I was the cause of much of that sacrifice. I cannot remedy the past, but I shall certainly act in the future as though I considered him a loving parent, capable of feeling, instead of a mere human machine for making money to supply my wants."

"Ethel, your father has always complained about affording the means for such pleasures as other people in society enjoy, and I hate to think what our position would have been if I had acted according to his wishes. For all that he has objected so much, he has been able to pay his bills and he will meet these just the same. You are too young to realize the social importance it will give to your married life, and the claims it will give you on some of the leading society people whom we will invite, for you to have a nice wedding-party. If you expect to be anybody in the fashionable world you have got to make some effort, and there is no time so appropriate as the occasion of your marriage. My plans in regard to it are too well matured for you to think of such a thing as having me give them up. Why, I have even spoken to several of my friends about it, and I would just be a subject of ridicule if I did not carry it through."

"I am not thinking of the social advantages that I will either gain or lose by my actions, but am doing what my conscience tells me is right. And so fully persuaded am I that my course is right, that I cannot be dissuaded from acting it out. It is the only act of my life that I have done for the good of others, and, if I have not the courage to endure the consequences, I would hardly be worthy of the name of daughter. And, Mother, I tell you seriously, if you will not give up your expensive plans and allow us to have a quiet marriage here, we will arrange for it to take place somewhere else."

Mrs. Arnold was thoroughly alarmed. She did not doubt until Ethel made this last remark, but that she would come out triumphant in her plans; but she now saw that her daughter was equally as determined as she, and for her to proceed would be to bring a greater humiliation to her pride than though she let her have her own way in the matter. If society would think it strange that they did not celebrate Ethel's marriage at home, what would be the opinion if she should be quietly married somewhere else. And, while she would be greatly disappointed in not having the opportunity to make a display, and win the admiration of some of her society friends, she could endure that better than the remarks that she knew such an act of Ethel's would occasion. Her voice was almost angry in its tone as she replied:

"Well, Ethel, your sudden inspiration of duties

has caused you to act in a very senseless and strange manner. If you are so determined in working against your own interests, I will have nothing more to do with it; but let me ask you not to do anything that will cause such gossip as to go from home and be married. I have tried to do all I could to help place you in a good social position from the first of your married life, but, as you do not appreciate my efforts, you can manage it to suit yourself. But the time will come when you will wish you had taken my advice."

At this moment there was a sound of steps in the hall, and, as Mr. Arnold entered the room, the mother and daughter realized that the morning had passed and their dinner-hour had arrived. A single glance was sufficient to note the change that had taken place in his face since morning. His eyes were brighter and there was a happier expression than he had worn for a long while. Ethel noticed this, and she experienced a feeling of true pleasure, for she felt that by her actions she had given this new happiness to her father's life.

As Mrs. Arnold thought of her disappointment and the excuses that she would have to make to those friends to whom she had committed her plans, she thought she would make one more effort to carry her point. As soon as she renewed the subject, she found that her husband's mind had undergone a great change during the morning, and so firm was he in supporting Ethel's decision, she knew that her long-cherished hopes and plans must yield to their wishes.

Walter Freeman made his intended call on Ethel that evening, and, after talking for several minutes on indifferent subjects, he broached the one on which his mind was dwelling.

"Ethel, the time for our marriage is very near, and as yet, I have made no arrangement as to our manner of living. My mind has been very busy on the subject for some time, but, from the peculiar position in which I am placed, I could come to no satisfactory decision; and I am here to-night that we may consult together and decide on the matter. I will explain to you fully the circumstances of my position, and then we can better decide how to act. For five years I have been employed by the same firm for which I am now working. I have tried very hard to be faithful to the duties belonging to my position, and felt fully rewarded, several months ago, when I was called into the private office of the firm and listened to their proposal for my future. For some time they have been contemplating the plan of admitting another partner into the business, as their responsibilities are very great for the present number of the firm. They told me they had learned to have great confidence in my honor and ability, and, if I would like to accept their offer, that, upon my furnishing a certain amount of cap-

ital, they would admit me as a partner. I told them that I greatly appreciated this mark of confidence, and, while I would like very much to be able to accept their proposition, I had not the required amount of capital; but they said, if by giving me a few months would aid me any, they would wait that time before making the offer to any one else. I told them, I felt sure in that time I would have the amount and the offer is now open to my acceptance. Of course, the position is a most desirable one, for the firm is one of the best in the city and is doing a large business. The position I occupy commands a high salary, and, by saving the greater part of it, with an equal amount that I inherited, I now have the amount that is required. The reason it is so difficult for me to decide how we shall commence housekeeping, is this: the amount that I have over the required capital is not very much, and the manner in which we are to live will decide whether I can accept the offer or not. If I do not accept it, we can furnish a home in nice style and live as your friends do; but if I do accept, our style of living will have to be much simpler for a while. And now the question for us to settle is, what style of living shall we adopt?"

As Ethel sat for some time in silence, her mind was busy in thought. How strange the events of the day seemed, as she recalled them. She had made a decision in regard to her wedding expenses that would prevent her father so much embarrassment, and now she was called upon to decide a question that would influence the whole of their future lives. Her father's advice of the morning came to her mind, and, when she considered the great advantage it would be to them for Walter to accept this rare business offer, instead of working for a salary as he now was, there seemed but one sensible course for her to take. And still another thought came to her mind: Was she marrying Walter for the fine home he could furnish and the nice style in which he could support her? Her heart answered so promptly to this question that she no longer hesitated in her answer:

"Walter, do you think you would be satisfied to live on the plan of 'love in a cottage'?"

"I will answer your question, Ethel, by asking you the same but varying one word. Do you think you would be happy to live on the plan of 'love in a cottage'?"

"Yes, Walter, if we think it is better for our future, for us to commence in a simple, inexpensive manner, I will be just as happy as though our style of living was more expensive. After knowing your circumstances, it seems to me there is but one sensible course for us to take. It would be working against our own interests for you to spend the means to support us in an extravagant style, just for the sake of keeping up ap-

pearances, when, by investing it in this business, it would be worth so much to us in a few years."

"I am so glad to hear you express yourself so sensibly, Ethel. It is undoubtedly the best plan for our future good, and, if you feel that you can be happy so situated, I assure you my happiness will be complete. While I feel that I want us to have due regard for society and social customs, we do not want to act blindly to our interests, nor give the best of our lives to the outside world, while we starve for love and pleasures at home. For many years of my life I have boarded, and the thought that I am so soon to have a home with you to preside and welcome me, fills me with the greatest joy. I have hardly dared to tell you of my circumstances, for fear that you would think that I wanted you to sacrifice what plans you might have for the future that I might gratify my ambition. But I feel glad now that I told you, for, since you are so willing to adopt an unpretentious style of living, I know that your heart is wholly mine, and that you feel a true interest in my happiness and welfare."

"Walter, I don't think I would be worthy of the love you have given me, if I were not willing to make some sacrifice for your happiness and for our mutual good. This day's experience has taught me that the truest pleasures are derived from sacrificing our wishes, when by so doing we can aid and give happiness to others."

Ethel then related to Walter her experiences of the day, giving an account of her father's struggles in business which was the result of commencing married life in a manner beyond his means, and telling him of the advice she had received, and the influence it had on her mind in deciding the question relating to their lives. It gave him the greatest pleasure to know that she had yielded to the good impulses of her mind, and he thought if she had commenced so young to sacrifice her wishes for the good of others, she would in time develop into a true, noble woman.

After this interview with Ethel, there was no longer any doubt in Walter's mind on the subject that had perplexed him so greatly. He succeeded in procuring a pleasant little cottage, and under their united directions, it was tastily and neatly furnished, and in a few weeks, after a very quiet marriage, the young couple entered their new home, under the most favorable auspices for a happy and prosperous life. There was no expensive wedding entertainment, no rich bridal trousseau, for Ethel had overruled her mother's ideas on this as she did on the other subject; yet, the occasion was a pleasant one to all present, excepting Mrs. Arnold. The management of the whole affair had been such a disappointment to her, and her pride and ambition had received such a blow, she felt that she would never again be able to maintain her old standing in society.

Walter and Ethel never regretted the course they took in commencing their married life. While Ethel lost many of her old society friends, who did not care to visit her in so unpretentious a home, she gained others who valued her for a worth that was not to be found in a mere outside show. And in after years, when Walter's increased means enabled them to own a handsome home, furnished with the luxuries of which they had denied themselves at first, they often recalled the years spent in the little cottage as among the happiest of their lives. NELLIE BURNS.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

"WHAT are the wild waves saying?"

Spoke one as we strolled by the sea;

"Bring they the self-same message

I wonder, to you as to me?"

Dainty and fair this girl was

Who walked by my side on the shore;

"Dearest, they say," I answered,

"Love is Love for evermore."

"What are the wild waves saying?"

Is your message the same?" I said;

She paused as if to listen

With clasped hands and a drooping head;

"They say," she coldly murmured,

"Love is lovely here by the sea

But life linked to poverty's doom

Love will last not eternally."

"What are the wild waves saying?"

I asked as we met by the sea

When many long years after

Time had marked both her and me;

I was a stout old fellow,

With a touch of gray in my hair;

She was a rich man's widow

With her beauty all marred by Care.

"What are the wild waves saying?"

With clasped hands and a drooping head,

"Life without love is worthless,

Wealth vain, and earth weary!" she said.

"To me," I answered softly,

"They still bring what they brought of yore,

To heart unchanged Hope's message,

Love is Love for evermore!"

SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

THE happiness of a child is, perhaps, the only perfect earthly pleasure. Do not attempt to improve perfection, or you will certainly destroy it. If you see a child unhappy, you may readily interfere, perhaps, with good effect; but when he is happy, in the name of humanity let him alone.

DIVORCED.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT Mr. Waverly saw, as he looked in through the windows upon his long-lost child and her mother, wrought in his mind a great change. He went back to the city, and for a time was purposeless as to the future. He could not wrest Ada from arms that were thrown around her so lovingly; nor from a bosom, where her head was pillowed quite as safely as if it had rested upon his own. If the mother's feet had strayed from right paths, she had evidently retraced her steps as far as that was possible, and was walking now the straight and narrow way.

And now, as Mr. Waverly's mind turned to review the blasting evidence of his wife's infidelity which had once arrayed itself with such convincing exactness, doubts were suggested; a broken link here and there in the testimony appeared, and he sought in vain to find the connection.

"If, after all, she should be innocent!"

Audibly did Mr. Waverly give utterance to these words, and then fairly started to his feet in surprise at such a suggestion; while a low shudder ran through every nerve.

"Innocent? No—no!" He replied to the thought, still speaking aloud, and striving to push the idea from his mind. But, having once found a voice, it was not to be silenced nor forcibly thrust aside.

"The evidence was unequivocal," said he, as the argument went on.

"But who and what were the witnesses?"

Another thrill went coldly along the nerves of the unhappy man; and other doubts came crowding into his mind. More and more troubled did he become, and more and more into confusion fell his thoughts.

"What motive could they have had? Who was there to offer them a bribe?"

But it availed not, and his mind came back broodingly to the suggestion—

"If, after all, she should be innocent!—I will let Ada remain with her," said Mr. Waverly, seeking a kind of compromise with himself. "She shall not be disturbed in the possession of her child."

Alas! How little did all this tend to allay the uneasiness of Mr. Waverly's mind, once disturbed by the thought that his wife might have suffered innocently. One doubt evolved another, and that gave birth to twenty more.

The sworn testimony of two Irish servants had been sufficient to blast the reputation of a woman whose life had, hitherto, been considered spotless; and to drive from the community a man, as her companion in guilt, whose fair fame till that time had never been tainted by a breath of slander.

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Both had protested their innocence, but the swearing had been direct, and the relation of things incidental to the alleged criminal conduct most minutely circumstantial. Not only had Mr. Waverly been completely satisfied; but the public mind, ever ready to believe in charges of wrongdoing, was convinced of the wife's criminality. She was therefore adjudged and condemned. Oh, what a fall was there! A fall from the pinnacle of happiness, to the very bottomless pit of despair.

For days after Mr. Waverly returned from Mount Holly, his mind continued in a most troubled state. The more he pondered over the past, and weighed the evidence which had once appeared so convincing, the less did he feel satisfied.

"If, after all, she should be innocent!"

How many, many times did his thoughts come back to this conclusion; and how bitter were his feelings, verging to self-reproach whenever this silent or audible exclamation was made.

Vivid as a picture before his vision, was the scene witnessed as he looked in at the window upon his wife and child. He saw it all the while, by night and by day; with open or shut eyes. Turn which way he would, he could not turn from that.

Mr. Waverly had come home from his store one evening, about a week after the occurrences mentioned in the last chapter, his mind more perplexed and disturbed than ever.

"Did you hear of that dreadful affair down on Sixth street," said his sister soon after his entrance.

"No; what is it?" returned Mr. Waverly, with little manifestation of interest in his voice.

"There's an account of it in this afternoon's paper," said Edith. "You remember that Biddy Sharp?"

"I have cause to remember her." There was an instant manifestation of interest.

"She stabbed a man named Jim McCarty this morning, and it is said he will not survive."

"Stabbed Jim McCarty?"

"Yes; so it is stated in the afternoon papers. They were living together, though not married, and this morning had a drunken quarrel, when Biddy caught up a large knife, and plunged it into the man's breast. She then attempted to destroy her own life, but was prevented by persons who rushed into the room."

Before Mr. Waverly made any remark on this communication, a servant came in to say that a man was at the door who wished to speak with him. At another time he would have asked questions as to the man and his business, but now he arose quickly and went to see who it was that desired to communicate with him. The person at the door was a roughly dressed man, who said, without ceremony:

"Is your name Mr. Waverly?"

"It is," was answered.

"Then I am desired to say that a man down at No. — Sixth street, wishes to see you immediately. His name is McCarty."

"Jim McCarty?"

"Yes. He was stabbed by a woman this morning, and, as the doctor says, cannot live but a few hours longer. The priest has just left him."

"He has made confession to his priest?" said Mr. Waverly, in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir, and the priest, I believe, said that he must send for you."

"Do you live at the place where McCarty now is?"

"I do."

"Wait a moment, I will go with you."

Mr. Waverly stepped back into the house to say a word to his sister. In a few moments he returned and went with the man.

"What did he confess to the priest?" asked Mr. Waverly, in his impatience to know for what purpose McCarty had summoned him.

"How should I know that?" returned the man, a little rudely. "I rather think they don't tell them things."

"Then you don't know what he wants with me?"

"No, sir. I was sent for you, and that is all I have to do with the matter."

"Where is Biddy Sharp?"

"In prison."

"If McCarty dies, it will go hard with her," Mr. Waverly remarked.

"I should think it would; but no harder than she deserves—the fiend incarnate!"

"Was she a very bad woman?"

"Bad? Yes, the worst woman I ever saw. There is nothing too wicked for her to do. The only wonder is that she didn't murder Jim long ago. I only hope they will hang her. If they don't, the gallows will lose it's own; that's all!"

"She and McCarty lived together as man and wife?"

"They did—and the next thing after that is generally murder. I've noticed this a good many times in my life. Men and women never grow better afterwards, but always worse; and usually become cruel and bloody minded."

Mr. Waverly made no reply, and they pursued their way rapidly and in silence.

The house to which Mr. Waverly was taken was in Sixth street near South. Below, a grog shop for the lowest class of persons was kept. Through this was the entrance to the rooms above, and through this, guided by the man who had called for him, Mr. Waverly passed. Ascending a dark and dirty flight of stairs to the third story, he paused at the door of a room to which his attendant pointed, as he said:

"You will find him in there."

A gentle tap at this door was answered immediately by a person within.

"Can I see McCarty?" asked Mr. Waverly in a whisper.

"Walk in, sir," and the attendant stepped back a pace or two.

Mr. Waverly entered the small, badly furnished apartment, and approached the bed upon which lay the man who had summoned him. How pale and ghastly was the face of the wretched being who was about passing to his account. At first it, was not recognized by Mr. Waverly, who stood, for some moments, in doubt as to the identity of the person before him.

"McCarty," he said, at length, "can this be you?"

"All that's left of me, y'r honor," was answered in a feeble voice.

"And you wished to see me?"

A shadow of pain passed over the man's face.

"Yes, Mr. Waverly, I wish to see you, and ease my conscience before I die. I have wronged you greatly; and another, worse than you."

"McCarty! What do you mean?"

Mr. Waverly became instantly agitated. He laid his hand upon the bedpost, and the tremor of his frame shook the bed upon which the dying man lay.

"I swore falsely against an innocent woman," continued McCarty, in a low, feeble voice. "Biddy Sharp and I vowed to ruin her, and well did we do our work."

"Ruin whom?" inquired Mr. Waverly, with a quivering lip, and pale, disturbed countenance.

"Ruin your wife, Mr. Waverly."

The merchant stood silent for some time, his eyes fixed, almost staring, upon the face of the wretched creature before him.

"Jim McCarty," he at length said, in a deliberate, solemn voice. "It is plain that you have but a short time to live."

"No one knows that better than meself, sir," was replied.

"And with death looking you in the face, you say deliberately, that, so far as you know to the contrary, my wife was innocent of the crime you charged against her?"

"Innocent as an angel," was the unhesitating answer.

Mr. Waverly struck his hands suddenly together; then clasped them against his temples, and staggering back a few paces, sank with a heavy groan upon a chair. Minutes elapsed before he moved from his fixed position.

"Jim McCarty," he then exclaimed, speaking in a stern voice, "what spirit from hell prompted you to this evil work?"

The lips of McCarty moved, but no sound issued therefrom; and his eyes, fixed and glassy, stared

at Mr. Waverly with a strange expression. Death's icy fingers were chilling the waters of life.

"Speak! speak!" eagerly interrogated Mr. Waverly, who saw that the end had come:

"Say that word again! Is she innocent?"

Again the lips moved, but there was no utterance.

"Lift your hand if you still say she is innocent."

A hand was raised feebly. Then followed quickly the death rattle, the constricted breathing, the convulsive motions and distortion of the countenance. A brief space, and Jim McCarty passed to his reward.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE had been a week or two of cold weather, in November, and then came the pleasant, dreamy, warm-breathed Indian Summer; faintly perceived in the crowded city, bringing to the dweller amid woods and fields a calmness of feeling and a sense of pure enjoyment not perceived at any other season of the varying year.

Off from the public road, and surrounded by a dense old forest, was a small, but well-cultivated farm; the same that Mr. Waverly had visited on the night when his purpose, so ardently cherished for two years, suddenly became changed. Here had dwelt his wronged and repudiated wife, secure from intrusion and suspicion, since the period when she obtained possession of her child.

It was a pleasant day in that pleasant time when the summer looks back and smiles upon the earth her parting blessing. The mother and her child went to the fields, an hour after the sun had passed the zenith, and remained in the open air until the day waned far towards evening. Then, on seeing Mrs. Blair, the kind friend who had so long hidden them in her peaceful home, returning from her visit to Mount Holly, where she had been since morning, they went back to the house to meet her. But her wonted smile had faded from the good woman's countenance, and she met Mrs. Waverly with a serious, even troubled expression.

"Are you not well?" asked the latter, evincing an instant concern.

"I feel very well," returned Mrs. Blair, with an evasion of manner that only increased the anxious feelings of Mrs. Waverly.

"I hope nothing is wrong, Mrs. Blair?"

A slight pallor overspread the speaker's face,

"I hope not, and yet I feel some concern."

"About what?"

There was a startled and frightened look about Mrs. Waverly.

"I'll tell you in a little while—as soon as I lay off my things and get my thoughts collected.

Come up into my room. You can leave Ada down stairs."

No further word was spoken until Mrs. Waverly and Mrs. Blair entered the chamber of the latter.

"Have they found out where I am?" the former now asked, with panting eagerness.

"I am afraid so," was the unhesitating answer.

Mrs. Waverly clasped her hands together, and turned deadly pale. For some moments she seemed stupefied; then all the activities of her mind became aroused, and she said, as she looked towards the door, and made a motion as if about to pass from the room:

"I will leave here instantly. They shall not tear my child from me while I have strength and skill to evade them."

"Calm yourself, my dear friend," said Mrs. Blair quickly. "There is, I apprehend, no imminent danger. First hear what I have to relate. There is time enough for us to determine what to do."

"Speak, then, best of friends! Speak and speak quickly."

"I was at Griffith Owen's tavern to-day," began Mrs. Blair, "and he said to me, with a manner that instantly arrested my attention:

"Is that woman at your house a relation?"

"What woman? I asked.

"The woman who came up from Philadelphia, a couple of years ago, in Clemens' wagon?"

"What of her?" I inquired, without answering his question.

"Nothing in particular," said he, "only there were two men here from the city last week, inquiring about her. Didn't they call at your house?"

"Call? No."

"Well," said he, "they got the direction from me and started for your house. Let me see, what day was it—Tuesday? Yes, it was Tuesday evening. They left here a little before sundown, and didn't get back until near eleven o'clock. I asked them if they had found your house, and they said they had; but avoided all conversation on the subject. On the next morning they went back to Philadelphia, and I've heard nothing of them since."

"Did they register their names?" asked Mrs. Waverly, in anxious tones.

"Owen said not. He asked them to do so, but they declined."

"Did he describe their appearance?"

"One, he said, was a tall man, with a thin, pale face; and dark eyes and hair."

Mrs. Waverly's lips were tightly compressed, and her breathing labored.

"Was that Mr. Waverly?" asked Mrs. Blair.

"I presume so," was replied. "And he came here on last Tuesday night?"

"So Owen said."

"Tuesday night? Tuesday night?" repeated

Mrs. Waverly, turning her thoughts back to the time which had been mentioned. For more than a minute she was silent, lost in reverie. At length, with a deeply drawn sigh, she said—

"He was here. Yes, it is true; and I felt his presence."

"It may be," suggested Mrs. Blair, "that time has softened his feelings towards you. Or, better still, evidence establishing your innocence may have reached him."

What a sudden flush came into the face of Mrs. Waverly! How quickly were her hands clasped together, and her eyes, filled with tears, thrown upwards!

"God grant it!" came, in a tremulous murmur, from her lips.

"To that it must come in the end," said Mrs. Blair, firmly. "The evil of the wicked shall not always prevail. In His own good time, God will clear the innocent."

"It has been long delayed. Still, I feel that justice will yet be done. But, Mrs. Blair, I shall take no risks." Mrs. Waverly spoke with recovered calmness, and in a tone of decision. "I must leave here immediately."

"Immediately, Mrs. Waverly?"

"Yes, my good friend. To remain under your roof another night would be risking too much. Your son James, who has ever shown me the utmost kindness, will, I am sure, take me and Ada in his wagon over to Burlington; from thence I will go in the morning to New York."

"No—no. You must not throw yourself upon the world in this way," said Mrs. Blair. "We can still hide you in our neighborhood. James shall drive you over to sister Phæbe's, where you will be safe enough for the present."

As Mrs. Blair ceased speaking, the voice of a stranger was heard below. It was that of a woman. Mrs. Waverly started, and then listened eagerly.

"Who is that?" said she, in a husky whisper.

Mrs. Blair listened also.

The voice was heard again, and, this time, was distinctly perceived the words—

"Ada, dear, don't you know me?"

"It is Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Waverly, as she sprang from the room and went flying down stairs.

In the room below were Alice, Ada, and a beautiful, bright-faced boy, some eight or nine years of age. Ada was in the arms of the former, who had caught her up and was caressing her fondly.

"O, ma'am!" exclaimed Alice, as soon as Mrs. Waverly entered, replacing the child upon the floor as she spoke, and starting forward to grasp her hand—"O, ma'am! how glad I am to find you! Here is Herbert. I have brought him to see his mother."

For an instant Mrs. Waverly stood like one

just awakened from a bewildering dream. Then, without making any answer, she started past Alice, and almost threw herself upon Herbert, gathering her arms around him, and drawing his head, as she stooped to the floor, tightly against her bosom.

"My boy! my precious boy!" Low and solemn, yet distinctly audible, and thrilling in their burden of love, were the tones of the mother, as she spake these few words.

And then there followed a brief period of hushed silence.

"My boy! my precious boy!" was murmured again, but in more broken accents.

"Mother! dear mother!" came, low and sweet, from the lips of Herbert.

With what a glad emotion did the long-suffering heart respond to this voice, and to these blessed words!

"Alice, what does all this mean?" said Mrs. Waverly, after time enough had elapsed to permit her strongly agitated feelings to subside into a measure of quiescence.

"Your innocence has been established!" whispered Alice, as she bent to the mother's ear.

There is no power in human language to portray the blending expressions of gladness, thankfulness and joy, that lit up the face of that wronged, discarded, long-suffering woman, as the girl uttered this brief sentence.

"Innocent! Innocent!" she murmured, after a brief pause.—"Did I hear aright, Alice?"

"Yes; innocent, ma'am. Biddy Sharp has murdered Jim McCarty. Jim, before he died, sent for Mr. Waverly, and confessed that his story was all a lie for the purpose of ruining you. And Biddy, who is in prison, has confessed to the same."

"My Father, I thank Thee!" sobbed the glad, trembling woman, as she clasped her hands, and looked upward with streaming eyes.

"As soon as Mr. Waverly learned this," continued Alice, "he sent for me—I had gone back to the Mansion House—and told me that I must go with him to Mount Holly, and then bring Herbert over here to see you. Until then I knew not where you were."

"But how did he know that I was here?" inquired Mrs. Waverly.

That question Alice could not answer.

"So he is at Mount Holly now?"

"Yes."

"Who brought you here?"

"Mr. Waverly sent us over in the carriage by which we came from Philadelphia."

A long silence followed, which was broken at length by Mrs. Waverly, who asked—

"Why have you come here?"

"To bring Herbert," was replied.

"What then?"

"I know nothing beyond this," returned the girl.

"Nothing?" Mrs. Waverly looked earnestly and with a slight movement of suspicion in her face.

"Nothing beyond this, I do assure you," said Alice.

"Is Mr. Waverly coming here?" There was a perceptible agitation in Mrs. Waverly's voice.

"He said nothing about coming, ma'am; I was merely directed to bring Herbert, and to remain with you until I should hear from him. The carriage has gone back to Mount Holly."

The waning day soon departed, and the calm, peaceful evening came softly down, veiling the landscape in deeper and deeper shadows. That night the mother slept with both her children beside her. But, for hours ere slumber locked her senses, she lay with her mind full of thoughts stirred into life by what had just occurred. The long years of her suffering, her wrong, her degradation, were over. Her innocence was brought forth to light!

Wounded, persecuted, and wronged as she had been by her husband, and estranged as were her feelings, Mrs. Waverly could not but be touched by the manner in which he had announced his belief in her innocence. His first act was to send to her the child so long withheld from her arms, and to do it in full confidence. For that she could not but feel a grateful emotion. There was enough to make her turn her thoughts from him, with a feeling of angry indignation; but she pushed these cruel memories aside, and tried to think of him as one who had suffered as well as she—the victim of a blasting falsehood, told with singular coherence and a wonderful regard to probabilities. In this state of mind she fell asleep.

Day was abroad, and the sun just lifting his bright face above the horizon, when the mother started up from some troubled dream that had come to mock her happiness. Sweetly sleeping by her side lay the dear ones her heart had loved in all her misery with an unabating intensity. What an impulse of joy swelled in her heart! How lovingly did she bend over them, nor rest until she had awakened them with her kisses.

Some two hours of the morning went by on wings of gladness—bathed sometimes in the shadow of a passing cloud—when, glancing from the window of Mrs. Blair's little parlor, which looked out upon the road, Mrs. Waverly saw the form of a man approaching—a form she knew too well! All physical strength fled in a moment; her face assumed a deathly pallor; motionless and lifeless she sat, until she heard his knock upon the door. Then, with an effort, she arose and went with unsteady steps from the room and sought, alone, her chamber. For nearly ten

minutes she remained there, panting and struggling with herself, and trying to get her disturbed thoughts into some calmer current. Ere she had succeeded in this, the door opened, and Mrs. Blair came in.

"Your husband is here," said she, in a low, earnest voice.

"The father of my children; not my husband," replied Mrs. Waverly, struggling to compose herself—at least exteriorly.

"He who was once your husband, then," said Mrs. Blair.

"What does he want?"

"He asks to see you."

"See me?"

"Yes."

"Tell him that it is better for us not to meet again. Has he not believed a cruel lie against the wife of his bosom, and cast her from him as one too vile to consort even with her own children?"

There came a warm flush into the pale cheeks of Mrs. Waverly; and in her voice there was an expression of anger.

"He believes you innocent; and would repair, as far as in his power lies, the terrible wrong he has done you."

"Repair it? Impossible! What mockery!"

"Be calm, my friend," said Mrs. Blair, in a gentle, persuasive voice. "You have passed through the fire—you have suffered a dreadful wrong—but the fire is extinguished; and the wrong is imputed no longer."

"But the charred and smarting flesh remains all unhealed," returned Mrs. Waverly, with much bitterness.

"Do not lacerate, needlessly, these wounds; but permit them to heal. Remember that Mr. Waverly has suffered as well as you. How deeply, it is for you to imagine better than me—for you know him best. He now comes, and asks to see you, after this long night of separation. He has wronged you, deeply, dreadfully; but he asks now, the poor privilege of repairing, as far as in his power lies, the wrong of which he has been guilty. Will you not meet him?"

"Oh, my friend! How can I?" exclaimed Mrs. Waverly, in a broken voice.

"What shall I say to him?"

Mrs. Waverly did not answer. She had bowed her head, and was sitting in deep self-communion. Mrs. Blair said no more, but waited for many minutes, until her deeply-tried friend should work out, in her own thoughts, the problem, upon the solution of which hung so many future consequences. At length Mrs. Waverly looked up. Her face was calm, but very pale.

"I will see him," said she, calmly.

"Where?"

"In this room, and alone."

"When?"

"Now."

Mrs. Blair turned, without further words, and went down stairs. Mr. Waverly was in her little parlor, with Ada in his arms, walking the floor with uneasy steps.

"She will see you!" Mrs. Blair said, in a voice that fell to a whisper.

"When?"

"Now. Go up stairs, and you will find her in the room over this one."

Mr. Waverly stood, for a few moments, to collect his thoughts, then replacing Ada upon the floor, he left the apartment and went to the one occupied by his repudiated wife.

A full hour elapsed before he came down. He looked pale, and his eyes were moist from weeping. Hastily kissing Herbert and Ada, he bowed to Mrs. Blair, and then left the house. In a few moments afterwards were heard the rumbling of the carriage wheels that bore him away.

Three months have elapsed. During all this period the mother and her children remained with Mrs. Blair. A few times Mr. Waverly had visited them, and, with each returning visit, there came returning light to the sad faces of both the separated partners.

Three months have elapsed; and there is another change. In the little parlor of Mrs. Blair is assembled a party of five persons—Mr. and Mrs. Waverly, Mrs. Blair, a clergyman, and Alice. A solemn marriage is celebrated, and, again the words fall, with a strange, thrilling sound, upon the ears of the two former—

"I pronounce you husband and wife."

Will the reader be surprised to hear, that, as the service ended, they fell into each other's arms and wept? It would have been stranger still had not their feelings overmastered them.

More public would this reunion have been; but Mrs. Waverly desired it otherwise.

Back into her old home, with her household treasures around her, went the now happy wife and mother, after her long night of suffering. Gradually her old friends drew around her, and sought in many ways to win her from that seclusion into which she naturally felt disposed to shrink. They were but partially successful. As for Mr. Waverly, his tenderness and regard for her seemed to absorb every thought. She was to him most precious and dearly loved; and all that a human heart could suggest or a human will accomplish for her happiness was done.

Both now sleep side by side in the slumber that knows no earthly waking. But, we may hope that they have already found a purer, truer, more interior, and more perfect union in Heaven.

THE END.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"I did so want to glorify him in every step of my way."

IT was the June month of 1879—that month in which, with her own bright roses, so many bright souls have faded out of our sight—that a holy Christian woman spoke these, among her last, precious words. The aspiration which they express, had been the vital, actuating principle of her life. She had broken at the feet of the Master an alabaster box of very choice natural gifts and attainments, and of varied possibilities of activity and influence. And while the odor of the fragrant nard, refreshing and exhilarating, fills many a house, the story of her consecration, sweeter than all, shall remain as a perpetual memorial of her.

From the date of her decease, we turn back a few pages of the book of time and find the period and place of her birth, December 14th, 1836, Astley Rectory, Worcestershire, England. Frances Ridley was the youngest child of Rev. William Henry Havergal, who, at the time of his death in 1870, was Vicar of Shares Hill, and Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral. As a man of piety, learning and eloquence, he was worthy in the highest degree of the ecclesiastical dignity to which he attained. But it was as one to whom it seemed given to "prophecy upon the harp, psaltery and cymbal," that Canon Havergal perhaps best served the Church of England, if not the world.

It was always, but more especially when incapacitated by ill health from ministerial labor, that he made music both a pastime and employment; composing cathedral services, anthems, chants, tunes, and sacred songs in great numbers. From her father, Frances inherited both poetical and musical genius, and after his death, the mantle of his usefulness and fame rested upon her.

With the exception of one event, touchingly narrated in one of her works, as the "cry of the motherless"—her child-life, to all outward observation, flowed in quite even channels. But as early as her sixth year, a deep, strong current of religious feeling began, the progress of which is beautifully traced in her autobiography. Indeed, her entire soul history constitutes one of the most delightful features of her life. Out of an unusually wide range of spiritual experiences, flowed the golden tones of her music and song. "Some way," she writes, "I have to live every line of my poetry before I can write it." It is this, doubtless, which makes her writings in both forms, so spiritually touching and helpful. The hymnal compositions are not dogmatic statements or doctrinal enunciations; they are simply expressive of the emotions of the soul in its varied moods of elevation and depression.

At the age of sixteen, she accompanied her parents—her father having re-married—to the continent, where, for a year or thereabout, she attended school at Düsseldorf, Germany. The masters and the mistresses of the "Louisen Schule" were deeply interested in the Engländerin (English girl), and took great pains with her instruction. German enthusiasm knows no bounds when excited toward an apt and brilliant scholar, and in young Frances Havergal it found its heart's content. In the atmosphere of her refined and cultivated English home, she had breathed learning from infancy, and had enjoyed all other aids needful in her mental development. Hence it was hardly strange that her standing at her final examination at the Düsseldorf school should have been *Numero Eins*—number one. The next year, 1853, was delightfully spent at Oberassel on the Rhine, under the care of the excellent pastor, Schulze Berge, to whom her mental maturity was no less a matter of surprise and admiration. After leaving school, she kept up classical and literary studies for many years, always with the success to be expected from her remarkable powers of acquisition. As a scholar, she may be said to have fairly revelled in the richness of Bible literature which she studied in the original, while the greater glory of its spiritual interpretations filled her soul. Possessing a most acute sense of the beautiful in its varied manifestations, she brought forth things new and old from the volume of nature and of Revelation, to enrich and embellish her writings. The letters penned while travelling in Germany and Switzerland, or during visits to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are full of vivid portrayals of the splendors and sublimities with which the natural scenery of the countries abound; nor less striking are her descriptions of the ideal forms and features which they presented to her poetic vision. It was the same when she explored the transcendent realm of inspiration; always there were such grand, such holy views of its heights and depths. Sometimes it was a hoary text from the Hebrew prophecies or psalms, which rose like a heaven piercing peak of the Alps, and filled her with conceptions of the holiness and greatness of God. Now she found, and rested beside it, as a clear placid mountain lake, some sweet saying of our Saviour or His Apostles, while throughout the entire range of the Divine Word, the "echoes" of precept and promise fell like music upon her mind's ear.

It was in the year 1855-6 while visiting friends in Germany, that she decided to seek professional judgment and counsel in reference to her musical abilities. She accordingly submitted some of her musical compositions to Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne. After careful examination, he bestowed upon her melodies the verdict of "talent," and upon her harmonization that of

"genius," strongly encouraging her at the same time to make music a life pursuit. The following year she went up to London, and while there took a course of lessons in vocal music. Of his first lecture on the production of sound, her master required her to write an abstract. This was very quickly versified in a humorous sort of strain, which greatly pleased the teacher. "My Singing Lesson," can be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the tedious process of throat and lip-training required in the higher cultivation of the voice. The descriptive definition of the voice can hardly be surpassed in so few words.

"The voice has machinery (now to be serious),
Invisible, delicate, strange and mysterious.
A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,
Which is small in a tenor, and wide in a bass;
Below an Æolian harp is provided,
Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided."

Miss Havergal's musical, like her poetical productions, were mostly by a sacred and devotional character. After her father's death she prepared "Havergal's Psalmody" for press, and assisted in editing the celebrated Church Hymns—known as "Songs of Grace and Glory." To these she made many original contributions. The rapidity with which she usually composed is illustrated in the story told by her sister, of the making of her popular missionary hymn, "Tell it out among the Heathen." It was on a very inclement Sabbath, when prevented by the delicacy of her health from attending public worship, that she came upon the title words of the hymn in her Prayer Book. "Instantly," she affirmed, "words, tune and all came rushing in upon me." Before the return of the family from church, she had written her new piece entire, and they found her singing and playing it with all the sweetness and power for which her rendering was remarkable. Her skill in execution was quite as brilliant as in composition. The vocal performances in Handel were said to be especially impressive, and this "Milton of musicians" was her favorite master.

But the most charming feature of Miss Havergal's rare life and character, remains to be observed. No sketch of her could be complete without due mention of her passion for usefulness, which may truthfully be said to have possessed, and at length to have consumed her. It was literally in every step of her way that she thus glorified her master. It is well worth one's while to know her life, that one may realize the aggregate of good which may be accomplished, when every small opportunity for work is recognized and improved. Many in her larger and seemingly higher sphere of action would not have so often descended to the "wee bits of wayside work" which she found "so precious." How often really true Christian people in humble spheres of labor feel it something like a virtue to sigh for some great

achievement; 'or in their eagerness to reach a loftier plane of usefulness, skip squarely over many a duty lying upon the very stepping-stones of their ascent. Such was not the theory or practice of Frances Havergal. "I feel," she writes, "no choice about it"—"just as willing to do any small service for little children or poor people, simple and unseen, as the work which may win something of man's praise." It would be impossible to tell of the amount of talking, reading and writing, singing and serving, thinking, planning and praying done by her in the interest of the bodies, minds, and souls of her fellow-beings. The ceaseless efforts in connection with classes, schools, and societies, were always helpful and blessed. Much of her glorious life-work is before the world and needs no mention. All along her pathway sprang up the blossoms of hope and joy—bright English daises in her own loved England, and sweet forget-me-nots among the Alpine mountains and valleys. A most happy faculty she had also of inspiring and teaching others to be useful, as well as herself. Even during a visit to Switzerland, her favorite work of organizing was carried on in a small way. We must tell the story. At Champéry, she makes the acquaintance of the Baroness Hilga Von Craun, who is a gifted and cultured artiste. As she sits painting one day, a silvery voice is heard at her side.

"Would you not like to paint for the Lord Jesus?"

"Oh yes!" (Hilga would, for she is a Christian woman; only, like many Christians, needs to have work cut and basted for her.)

"Well, then, let us together get up some pretty Easter cards. I will furnish a text and verse—and you shall paint some of your lovely bits of mountain scenery or mountain flowers upon each to make them attractive."

Thus with the little society of two members originated the popular series of "Alpine Cards," so much admired.

So it was, abroad, as at home, work was always waiting for her. What she said of her sister was equally true of herself. "She had the scent of a Red Indian" for hunting up people needing consolation, encouragement or help, and out of head, heart or pocket, forthwith the needed aid was almost sure to come. One of her most beautiful ministrations was to a deaf man at whose home in Herefordshire she passed a winter. Memorizing the sermons at church, she in the afternoon would reproduce them for his benefit by the finger motions and signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

But the "sword was wearing out the sheath." For several years she found her physical strength unequal to the task her eager spirit kept constantly planning. There were periods of long illness and longer recovery in which no manner

of work "could be done," but they were only sweet Sabbaths of rest to her resigned and trustful spirit. There were other ways in which she was conscious of the "shortening of her tether." The gift of verse was sometimes suspended, once for several years. Again a mysterious check was put upon her ambition—as when by the burning of a large publishing house her manuscript "Appendix to Songs of Grace and Glory" was lost—and old work must be redone instead of new taken up. And now we have some of those sweet sayings, "Lilies from the Waters of Quietness," whose fragrance we might never have known, but for these "shady pools of wayside waiting." "Everybody is so sorry for me, except myself! The same peace which is yours in work, will be mine in rest. The very fact of having a busy nature, seems to make the rest, under God's restraint, so much the more really His doing." "Wisely has my Father given me a long learning time, before letting me do any more teaching."

"I am not satisfied with the word resignation. There is an undertone of, 'it is hard after all'—as if submitting to a will different from one's own."

"My waiting is *His* waiting also—how precious is that thought?"

"'Thy will be done' should be a song, not a sigh."

Her last work was in the interest of the temperance cause. In 1878 with an unmarried sister she settled at Caswell Bay, near Swansea, in South Wales. May 1st, 1879, but a month previous to her death, she writes to a friend. "The teetotal work has taken me up—the thing has fairly caught fire here. Yesterday, boys were coming all day to sign the pledge. I had twenty-five recruits and a whole squad are coming to-night. I adopt the title of The Temperance Regiment, to please the children." May 21st, she again writes: "All the rising generation have signed except twelve—and now the men desire me to speak to them at the corner of the village." A subsequent open-air gathering was so crowded and enthusiastic, that amid a heavy fog she remained, too much engaged to notice that her clothing was becoming drenched. It was at this time that she took her fatal cold. On the 23d another meeting had been appointed, but she was too ill to be there. All day, however, her busy hands were preparing large temperance cards for distribution. At home, during the progress of the meeting, as there was nothing else to do, and she *could* not sit idle—she was preparing pages for sailors' tracts.

On the 4th of June, she was to have started upon a tour of visitation to the Irish Church Mission stations. But the day previous, she set forth upon that last, long journey, from whence no traveller returns. The cold to which we have alluded, rapidly developed into an alarming disease.

and after great suffering, she fell asleep on the morning of June 3d, 1879.

Before us, as we write, lies her "Life Mosaics"—those pure crystals which she left to the world, a legacy of untold value. Yet we deem that not the brightest of her crown-jewels may be found in these costly visible settings. There were gems of greater worth and brilliancy which she won for her immortal coronet, of which we shall never know "until that day." Dear sainted one—in every possible application of the term, hers was a "Ministry of Song" to our sinning, suffering, sorrowing world. Nor did that sweet ministry cease when she ceased to walk and work among us. As certainly now, as then, are verified the words of our own poet Whittier:

A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought,
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Made glad its way unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
The singing waters run,
And sunset mountains were in light above
The smile of duty done.

It may be—yes, it must be, that more than her prolonged life could have wrought, her memory shall accomplish in the years to come. Yet to our weak, mortal vision, the mystery of her early fading often deepens—and alas! even our "Thy will be done" is, as yet, not a "song," but a "sigh."

HARRIETTE WOOD.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

IRRÉSOLUTE swains should, however, bear in mind that "faint heart never won fair lady," and their reticence would surely be overcome if they reflected for a moment on Shakespeare's dictum:

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Constitutionally timid men might, if necessary, resort to some such expedient as that of the youth whose bashfulness would not admit of his proposing directly to the object of his affections, but who at length summoned up sufficient courage to lift the young lady's cat, and say: "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" To which the young lady very naturally and cleverly responded: "Say yes, pussy." Bashfulness on the part of lovers, and want of courage in connection with popping the momentous question, have formed the subject for many a story. Here is one:

A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady whom he was very anxious to marry, but to whom he had never ventured to declare his passion. When opportunity offered, his courage deserted him, and when he was resolved to speak,

the fair one could never be found alone or disengaged. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose in a somewhat remarkable manner, at a dinner-party. To most people, a dinner-party would hardly seem the most suitable occasion for overtures of this description, especially when, as in this instance, the lady is seated at the opposite side of the table from her admirer. The latter, however, was equal to the occasion. Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book—he wrote on it, under cover of the table: "Will you be my wife? Write Yes or No, at the foot of this."

Calling a servant, he asked him in a whisper to take the slip—which, of course was carefully folded and directed—to "the lady in blue opposite." The servant did as requested; and the gentleman, in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness, to try and judge from her expression how the quaintly made offer was received. He had forgotten one thing—namely, that ladies seldom carry pencils about them at a dinner-party. The beloved one was, however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle. After reading the note calmly, she turned to the servant and said: "Tell the gentleman, Yes." They were married in due course.

The difficulty of proposing to the young lady is not always the most serious one the suitor has to encounter. Popping the question to one's prospective mother-in-law, or "asking papa," is frequently the more arduous undertaking of the two. When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being secured. This Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations.

"We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to the back of your frock."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, the delighted Professor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

THE language of the emotions, whatever it may be, deserves the most earnest and careful cultivation, for by means of it is developed that sympathy which is the great bond of human society. Upon it we are dependent, both for our direct happiness and our permanent well-being. This it is which leads men to deal justly and kindly with each other, which heightens every pleasure and softens every pain, which gives rise to all domestic and social happiness, and makes life's hardest passages endurable.

A QUEER, QUAIN PEOPLE.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

IN the early spring of the year 1817, about two hundred Germans from Würtemberg, embarked upon the ocean. They were poor people, of lowly origin, and were of a religious sect who called themselves Separatists.

They were about to seek a home in the New World, that they might enjoy the religious freedom denied them in their fatherland. They had not organized, nor made any plans for the future. Their trust was in the God whom they worshipped.

During the voyage across the Atlantic, one of their number, a modest, quiet young man, gained their esteem and goodwill by his kindness to the sick, his superior intelligence, and his simple unostentatious manners.

When they arrived in Philadelphia, in August, they were ignorant of the ways of the world, in a land of entire strangers, and then it was that with one united voice, they chose the kind young man, Joseph M. Bimelar, for their guide and counsellor. With simple trust and confidence, they called him their King. Originally he had been a weaver, later a teacher in his own country, and it was with surprise, more than pleasure, that he accepted the important position.

They agreed to abide by his judgment in all things, and acting by general consent, he purchased between five and six thousand acres of land in the county of Tuscarawas, in the eastern part of the State of Ohio. To these beautiful lands, in the valley of the Tuscarawas River the colonists removed in the following winter.

They fell to work in separate families, building log shanties, bark huts, and any sort of temporary habitation, and began providing for their immediate wants.

Then it was, during that cheerless winter season, strangers in a distant land, that disaster and privation overwhelmed the little band. They sickened; they suffered, and many of them died. But poor and humble though they were, they were not without friends. A wealthy and generous man, hearing of their necessities, sent abundantly, stores of food, and relieved these poor German immigrants in the time of need. To this day the name of their kind benefactor is a familiar household word, and the older members of the Community relate the touching incident with tears of gratitude. It strengthened their faith in the goodness of the God whom they venerated and loved.

For nearly two years, they toiled on in separate families, but were not able to sustain themselves in the new country. Then it was that they con-

ferred together and considered the plan of consolidation—of uniting themselves together so as to conquer by the might of associated effort.

They adopted a constitution formed on purely democratic and republican principles, and have lived under it up to the present time. Under it, they hold all their property in common. Their principal officers are an agent and three trustees. Upon them devolve the management of the temporal affairs of the whole Community. These offices are elective, the women voting, as well as the men. The trustees serve three years, one vacating his post and a new election being held annually.

The colony struggled against the current for many years. In 1832 nearly fifty of their number died from cholera and kindred diseases. Their poverty prevented the contracting of matrimonial alliances. The brave women vied with the stronger sex in their efforts to help along. No labor outdoors was considered too hard, while indoors their frugality and fine management was commendable. Women, in those trying times, often carried lumber and boards on their shoulders and heads, from the newly-erected saw-mill two miles away from their homes.

They have but one village yet,—Zoar—containing perhaps one hundred houses; one good hotel, post-office, church, school, brewery, cloth factory, mill, a commodious and well-filled green-house and garden, cemetery, dairy, milk-house, bakery, dry-goods store, and other necessary establishments.

Why their one village was called Zoar, none of the present inhabitants can say. There is certainly no connection between it and the ancient Zoar on the plain of Jordan. This stands alone. That stood near to the wicked city of Sodom, and the other cities of the plain, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboiim.

Ancient Zoar is mentioned in the account of the death of Moses, as one of the landmarks which bounded his view from Pisgah. From the hill near Zoar, in Tuscarawas County, a broad, and grand, and picturesque a view greets the gaze of the delighted traveller. He thinks of Moses on the Mountain of Pisgah, as, with eyes soon to close in the sleep of death, he stood alone, surveying the four great masses of Palestine, west of the winding Jordan. That wonderful view has passed into a proverb for all nations.

Systematic division of labor is a prominent feature in their domestic economy in the Community of Separatists. One great bakery supplies them with bread at Zoar. One great laundry does their washing. A dairy carried on with the most scrupulous neatness and order, furnishes them with butter and cheese. The factory provides jeans, flannel, and cassimere for wearing apparel; the general nursery takes good care of the small children; the great vegetable gardens yield an abundant

supply of the esculents, which are an article of daily consumption, and the store brings to their very doors those necessities which they cannot produce.

Everything is for use—nothing for show. The dwelling houses are substantial and comfortable, some of them really pretty, and quite modern. The roofs are of red tile, made and burned, perhaps after the manner of making brick. The yards are clean and grassy, with payed walks, and beautified with pines, cedars, larch, and fir-trees. There is a substantial appearance about the buildings. Even the finest house, which they call the "King's house," though it has cunning little corners, and jutting points, and a great deal of glass in its make-up, looks as if it were meant to be there, habited and habitable, long enough after the forefathers were all asleep.

It is a wide-spreading brick mansion with a broadside of white curtained windows, an enclosed glass porch, iron railings and gilded eaves, a building so stately among the surrounding cottages that it has gained from outsiders the name of the King's house, although the good man whose grave remains unmarked, was according to the Separatists' custom, not a King, but a father to his people.

That selfishness so common in all the competitive avocations of society, is kept down in this singular Community, by the interest each one manifests in the general welfare. They know that only in this way can their own best interests be promoted. The closest economy is shown in all their operations, and it is one of the results to-day that this colony is worth millions of dollars. Their lands embrace two townships lying in a body, besides good farms which they own here and there outside of their distinct corporation.

With all the peculiarities of their religious faith we are not acquainted, but like most sects, denominated Christians, there is sufficient in their creed, if followed, to make their lives here honest and upright, and to justify the hope of a glorious future.

The term Separatists is applied to them because they separated from the Lutheran, and other denominations.

They owe much of their prosperity to their old King, Bimelar, who, while he lived, was their adviser, father, friend, counselor, and their physician to heal bodily infirmities, as well as the spiritual guide to point them to a better and purer world.

A few years since he died, lamented, leaving his great flock for a little time without a shepherd. But he had provided for this contingency, and a good man in his stead now lives in the "King's house" and endeavors to follow in the footsteps of his worthy predecessor.

In all the toilsome years of Bimelar's useful life

his thoughts never turned with yearning toward his fatherland. He had no desire to visit the home of his youth. The green hills of the beautiful Tuscarawas valley shut in all that he held dear of his earthly affections and earthly hopes. His death was peaceful, calm—the death of the Christian whose eye beholds the glory and the recompense of a life spent in the service of the Master.

We had always felt an interest in this strange people, this contented Community, plodding on in the good old ways, and while the Indian summer-time lay softly upon the Ohio hills and woodlands, last autumn, we, Lily and Pipesey, visited them.

Ida kept house for us. She hailed the glad opportunity. She always does, for the oft-repeated assertion, that "it is so good to get home again." When she moves home for a week or two she brings the two little table-chairs for Kitty and Grace; the two cunning little cot-beds; a basket of wearing apparel, and the playthings which consist of the little cupboard, stove, dishes, dolls, building blocks, books, slates, the doll, cradle and all the paraphernalia which accompanies respectable dolls with extensive outfits.

Grandpa, the deacon, often tells the babies as they climb on his lap for stories, that when he moved the first time, he had not half as much property as they have.

The railroad runs within seven miles of the village of Zoar. From Strasburg, an old town on the beautiful banks of Sugar Creek, we drove across the country. The morning was misty and the clouds hung low.

The old landlord of the Eagle Hotel assured us that there was "one kerridge with a top to it in town." Our driver obtained this, and with gossamer cloaks and plenty of wraps we enjoyed the ride among the hills and valleys. He was a man born and brought up there, not one of the kind who sees "sermons in stones," but, better for us, he saw stories and reminiscences and pleasant reminders every mile of the journey. His grandfather had entered several hundred acres of land, seventy years before, and as we rode over the old ancestral domains the stories almost told themselves.

In reply to our question of "Is your grandfather buried yonder in the village cemetery, or didn't he die hereabouts?" he replied, "he didn't die, he was drowned. You see, Miss, he'd rode away from home early in the morning, calculatin' to return in the dusk of the evening. He didn't come, and granny supposed, being as he was lively and friendly like, he'd put up 'long with some of his old cronies.

"The next day his horse was found two miles away with the saddle turned, an' then folks began to look for grand'ther,—and finally one man saw

the bosom of his red shirt away down to the bottom of Sugar Creek, in the deep hole below the bridge. The water, clear as crystal, was thirty feet deep, and there was the old fellow laid out composedly as if he was in his bunk at home, sound asleep."

He added, with a nonchalant air, that it was supposed the poor man had taken a drop too much, and had walked his horse off the side of the old-fashioned bridge in the middle of the stream. In those early days, bridges had no siding, but the plank was held in place by string pieces—heavy timber laid on the ends. They were no protection to people who were crossing over.

We were interested in the early history of Eastern Ohio, and this man gave us much information which had been handed down from one generation to another.

He told us about the grants of land in Tuscarawas County.

Dohrman's Grant, is one six-mile-square township of nearly twenty-three thousand acres; granted to Arnold Henry Dohrman, formerly a wealthy Portuguese merchant in Lisbon, in consideration of his having, during the Revolutionary War, given shelter and aid to the American cruisers and vessels of war. This grant is located in the southeastern part of the county.

Moravian Lands are three tracts of 4,000 acres each, granted by the old Continental Congress, July, 1787, to the Moravian brethren at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, in trust and for the use of the christianized Indians living thereon. They are laid out in nearly square forms on the Muskingum River in what is now Tuscarawas County. They are called by the names of Shoenbrun, Guadenhutten and Salem tracts.

The antiquarian, geologist, historian, archæologist, and the traveller, can all find abundant material for thought and investigation in Eastern Ohio, and especially in the old county of Tuscarawas. It teems with food for all.

We had a pretty room in the hotel, with a fine view from the front windows of the river and the valley through which it ran—the range of hills, glowing with autumn colors—and, as if to add the crowning beauty to the lovely picture, the old mill that spanned the beautiful stream. A great arch it was, that reached from one green bank to the other, while the mill itself, above, was unbroken and worked on with its rush, and buzz, and whirl of machinery within, just as though that was a common way of making mills to stand astride of noisy, onward-rushing rivers.

The fare at the hotel table is substantial, and very good. Like the Jews, this people eschew pork. Every day for dinner was a delicately browned roast of beef, white bread baked at the bakery; fresh pats of dewy butter brought from the great milk-house under the store across the

street; cheese, creamy and delicious; potatoes, boiled and baked; chicken, stewed and prepared with cream and butter—and coffee as good as can be made anywhere.

Then, three times a day, flanking the common substantials, invariably stood the plate of home-made gingerbread, a loaf of fruit-cake, a pie waiting to be cut, a dish of marvellously pretty and good jelly, pickles, apples—and such breitzels! Not the smooth, oft-handled, hard, salty, saw-dusty cake in the shape of a crumpled figure 8, which looks out grim and bleak from the windows of lager-beer saloons, but the Community breitzel, of a delicate flaky-white inside, and a golden brown, crispy crust outside—light, tender, good to live on.

PURSEY PORTS.

ROSES OR CLOVERS?

ON far-off heights they gleam and shine,
Rich, royal roses, as red as wine;
They bare their hearts to the sun's fierce kiss,
And their breath like a breeze out of Spice-land is.

Thorn-set, I know, and yet fairer far
Than grandeur of meeker blossoms are,—
As they sway like a censer of fragrant fire,
Till the eyes are drunk with the heart's desire.

Not lightly, I trow, is their glory won,
Yon craggy pathway aims at the sun;
Who counts them worthy to win and wear
Must hold no blossom on earth so fair.

The clovers are sweet in the languid vale,
And passionless lilies, calm and pale,
The skies are soft as an endless June
In the purple isles of the afternoon.

Content us so. Here is dreamful ease
Inwrought with all sleepy fragrances;
Hush! rest! let the golden sands slip out,
A truce to labor, and strife and doubt,

No, never! the clover may feed the bees,
And the winds breathe soft through the nested trees,
The placid lilies dream on in the sun,
But the wooing roses wait to be won.

We will scale the heights with unwavering feet,
The labor-won garland alone is sweet;
We count no toil and we own no rest,
Till we weave our crown on the mountain's crest.

MARJORIE MOORE.

NO PRINCIPLE is so powerful for good in the education of mind, as that of intelligent kindness—the love, which, while it does not overlook wrong doing, shows that it is not quenched by it—and that furnishes a constant and powerful impulse to goodness.

Religious Reading.

TRUE RELIGION.

MAN is not saved by being redeemed. Redemption is not religion. Religion is a life. Redemption is merely securing one from the forces which are destroying the life. Salvation is not religion. Religion is something positive. Salvation is the cleansing of the soul from sin; religion is the life of the soul so cleansed, and filled with love to God and man. The Lord not only saves us, but He takes us on from that point from glory to glory. He gives of his own to us; He enriches us with His own gifts and graces; He comes to us; He takes us by the hand and leads us; He dwells within us in the power of His Spirit; He draws us to Himself; He is the heart of our hearts, the light of our understandings, the life of our lives; He feeds us with the bread of life; He refreshes us with the water of life. Religion consists in believing the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour and the Source of every heavenly good; in believing that He is the only proper object of worship; in believing that His commandments are laws of spiritual and heavenly life. It consists of loving Him in the way He has pointed out to us in the Gospels, and that is by keeping His commandments according to His own words, "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me."

Faith is one of the essential elements of religion. But it is that faith which is not content with saying Lord—Lord—with merely seeing the truth—or of formally assenting to certain propositions. It is a faith that works; not as the slave works, from motives of fear; not for wages, whether those wages are the payment of a debt or the joys of heaven. It is a faith that works by love and purifies the heart—love of the Lord, love of man, love of goodness and truth; that is the kind of belief which procures everlasting life.

But before man can love the Lord and have a saving faith in Him he must repent of his sins. Repentance is not religion, but no man can have any religion until he has done the works of repentance. Repentance is a preparation for religion. It consists in seeing the particular sins of which we are guilty and ceasing to commit them. In other words, repentance consists in putting away from our natures all that hinders the reception of the Lord's love into our hearts and of His truth into our understandings. Repentance is getting back into the state in which man lived before the Fall, or rather it is removing the obstacles to a return to that state. Repentance is the beginning of religion.

Man must be regenerated. He must be born again. He cannot regenerate himself. He has no more power to do it than he had to create himself in the first instance. Regeneration is something more than the forgiveness of sin. It consists in the creation of a new will and a new understanding, a new heart and mind. When this new creation is effected, and as it is effected, man "experiences religion," he "gets religion." He gets very little of it at first, as the seed just planted gets very little light and heat. But he grows; he

gets more love by its exercise; he gets more truth; he has a larger and fuller experience. A true Christian experiences religion every day. Religion becomes his life, and he will continue to experience more and more of it to eternity.

Religion is a life according to the commandments, because they are laws of spiritual life. The commandments are the expression of the laws of man's nature embodied in him. The Lord did not come into this world to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. He did not come to keep the law for man, but to help man to keep it. The way to get religion, then, is to learn the laws of religion and live according to them. We must shun what they warn us to shun. We must do what they tell us to do. We must go to the Lord and ask His assistance. We must put ourselves in true relations to Him, and the commandments tell us what these relations are, and what we must do to come into their form and order—that the Divine life may flow into our hearts, filling them with the power of the Divine love, and into our understandings, flooding them with the light of the Divine truth, and by means of it sanctifying our natures and binding us fast to Him who is the only Source of light and life.

When the Lord searches the human heart, and with His omniscient eye penetrates to the most hidden recesses, He does not look to see whether He can find Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Episcopalian, or Roman Catholic, or Jew, or Gentile, or Swedenborgian. He does not look to see how many prayers we have said, or what ecclesiastical dress we wear. He looks for His own image and likeness; and if He finds it, however faint the outline and dim the form, He knows that we are His children; He feels drawn to us by a Father's love; He knows that we were making room for Him to come in to us, we are opening the door to receive Him; and as He enters in the glory of His Divine truth and the quickening warmth of His Divine love, we shall come more fully, more deeply, more blessedly, into the sphere of His Divine life, and we shall be lifted up and drawn closer to His infinite heart.

CONTAGION OF GOODNESS.—We hear a great deal about contagious diseases, and the necessity of avoiding exposure to them, which is entirely reasonable; but we hear little of the contagion of health and the importance of securing it. Yet, although not so immediately apparent, the eventual effect of the one is perhaps nearly as powerful as that of the other. If there are poisonous emanations from the sick-bed of the fever-patient which we cannot inhale without peril, so there are wholesome influences from the vigorous and healthy which we cannot receive without increasing the vitality of our own systems. Perhaps it may some day be regarded as essential a part of physical culture to court the one as to avoid the other.

BEFORE the breezes of a heavenly spring can refresh the pilgrim, an earthly winter presses him sore and hard.

The Home Circle.

GROWING OLD.

"High noon upon the mountains!
Faint and panting,
I look along the way my feet have pressed;
Then turn me slowly, where the way down slanting
Seeks the calm beauty of the sleeping West.

O, weary heart! in the clear light unshaded,
Thy vision quickened in this rarer air,
Dost thou regret youth's roses quickly faded,
Or mourn thy childhood's dreams too heavenly fair?"

REBECCA PERLY REED in the *Congregationalist*.

"HIGH NOON, and the noon-hour fast passing with me!" said a friend, the other day. "We are getting to be the 'old folks' now." I smiled. I can do it *now*, for the dread of growing old is past with me. I cannot repeat *exactly* George McDoanold's brave words about growing old, but I know I have caught something of their spirit. So that if my eyes are growing dim, my hair whitening, my knees weak and my strength failing, it is not *me* that is growing old. My "earthly house" may be crumbling, but *I* am growing stronger and *younger*, too, for my "*mansion*" above.

And as I look back over "the way my feet have pressed," there wells up in my heart an "exceeding great joy"—joy, because *now* I can see where the Father's hand led me; but then the way was dark, and tears dimmed my eyes so that I only groped blindly.

For the joy and gladness of the past—the sweet happiness of by-gone days are mine *now* as truly as when with bounding heart I exulted in youth's gladness. The very things that made life beautiful in the past are still mine own, the dear ones I loved in other days I love now. They are not lost—only "gone before." They are waiting for me, "standing on the hill-top" looking backward, remembering the places where my feet slipped, where I went astray and forgot the Light. Will it not make me tender and gentle now to those who do wrong? "For the mistakes of my life have been many," and remembering those mistakes, can I judge others harshly? Rather let me be thankful that I can reach forth the helping hand, that I can say "Oh, friend, walk carefully over *that* place, for I well nigh fell there!"

Don't make a mistake *here*, for I did, and now I warn you, that your heart may not ache as mine did once. "Standing on the hill-top," looking about me. Oh! this world is *very* fair. This earth is lovely! The mornings are just as glorious to me as when my *young* eyes looked on them. There is more of glory in them to me now, for my Father's hand I see clearer now. And in the sunsets I almost see the "gates ajar." Looking about me, the dear friends that have walked thus far with me—the tried and true—are they not dearer now than when I believed them "just perfect?" If I have found they too have faults, have I not also learned something of that sweet charity that "thinketh no evil?" For the weakness of others

have I not more of pity than of blame, as the years have taught me my own lack of strength?

Have I not learned to "consider others," not knowing the strength of their temptations?

More faith in our Heavenly Father and none the less in those who journey life's path with me. "Standing on the hill-top!" I wonder sometimes if *now* is not the happiest time. Not yet grown old. My heart yet beats in tune with the young—has not forgotten to joy with them when they are glad. Only as the head grows wiser and more cautious, so I can help sometimes as well as cheer with them, still can do my part yet knowing that my path is *almost* turning—yet happy because my "noon" is so clear—that there are no shadows over me now, for I *know* the Father leadeth me."

So I can say amen to the sweet woman's words which I began this with and end as she ends *her* poem.

"So trusting, farewell, youth and sweet glad dreaming,
I face the West with softened shades and lights,
Beyond the horizon's cloud-bound circle gleaming,
I catch the swell of Heaven's eternal heights.

"And knowing not how soon the rolling river,
Within the mist, shall wash my pilgrim feet,
I bless Thee, of my life the Source and Giver,
That in 'Thy light' my joy shall be complete."

V.A.R.

AN EASY MISSIONARY WORK.

IF YOU have in your house unused papers and magazines, which were once so good you could not afford to see them wasted, yet which you will probably never open again, would it not be a good plan to send them on their way to cheer some weary invalid, whose days are so long and whose resources for enjoyment so limited? This is especially true of good magazines. They are always welcome. Much as we prize them, yet we may well make the small self-denial in view of the good they may do.

"Especially," writes a poor invalid friend to whom I sent a package, "do I prize ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE. I was once so familiar with it, but now seldom see a copy. I am particularly interested in Lichen's letters, as she too is an invalid and knows so well how to sympathize with us." From one and all come the same report, and the same enjoyment of dear Lichen's sweet prose poems. I have never regretted a paper sent away, though it might have been re-read. They have done more good than they ever could laid away on a shelf.

Good literature is like good coin, valuable only when kept in circulation. To make the matter practical, just buy a few stamped wrappers, or utilize your smooth brown wrapping paper by making them into suitable envelopes for papers. Put two or three into a package and send them on their way. The postage is trifling and you will feel that you have done quite as good work as if you had dropped the money into the contribution basket. Indeed I hardly know a way in which you can make a little go a longer way.

If you see fit, it is a good way to write a postal card filled full of pleasant chat, and send with your papers, taking care that nothing goes on it that you would not care to have read by another, and that your friend also would be willing to have others read. It is a standing fact that postal cards are almost always read by other parties before they come to the hands where they belong. Many have a very great reticence about having private business or family affairs thus made public, and it is a matter of keen annoyance when such a card is received. We should think of these things whenever we write a postal card.

J. C. McC.

ALL ABOUT CATS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: I have known persons who believed that no good thing could come out of, or find growth in, a city. They honestly thought a city man must be a dishonest man; a city woman a butterfly of fashion; and, for the expression of their opinion of city children their vocabulary did not furnish them full relief.

To all the above propositions I modestly enter a demurrer; but, if they were thus to condemn city cats, I fear my tongue would be mute. I can remember when I loved cats, when I was young, and innocent, and good, and lived in the country. But now, just now especially, my affection for the race waxes very faint.

It would seem that a number of the cats in the neighborhood have decided to see how much harassing I can endure without absolute death. They come in squads; they must have a relief corps, for no one set could endure the strain; they go under the piazza and there find a way of getting under the house—directly under my room, where I am serenaded night and day. They occasionally send out a scout to climb upon the window and look in at me, to note progress and results.

I thought I was well acquainted with their capacity and endurance, but I have learned my mistake. I do not dream of pandemonium; I realize it. I should not think their accusing conscience would ever allow them to sleep; but one of their number, when off duty, comes into the house, even into my room, and curls himself in a shiny black ball behind my stove, and sleeps as sweetly as though he were one of the most peaceful and comfort-giving of citizens.

Hideous and appalling as their voices are, there are yet occasional tones that resemble tones in the human voice. I wonder, sometimes, whether the lower animals are not merely different traits and possibilities of the human character made manifest in form and life. If this were so, how many revelations of what we are and what we may become, could we find in all our daily paths.

Cats, they say, are treacherous; can it be possible there are human beings who have this failing, also? Cats are sly; they will steal when one's back is turned, and look one unflinchingly in the eye with an expression of perfect innocence when one faces them. Could a parallel be found to this, also? Cats are cruel; they love to get smaller or weaker animals in their power, not only to devour, but to torment them. Could anything be more cruel than the manner in which they delight to torture their victims. How they love to maul them, toss them, shake them, hold them, and

perhaps, they love best of all, and most cruel of all, to let them go, until the poor little creatures feel themselves almost free, then to pounce upon and reclaim them.

It is horrible. Yet, I fear, we could find kindred characteristics among the race to which we all belong. I hope, as you read, you will not think to yourselves, "I know some one who is just like this or that;" but, that you will each turn the critical glance within. That each one will ask herself whether she is, or is likely to be, treacherous or unfaithful; whether she enjoys tormenting others, watching closely and slyly, meanwhile, to see how far it is safe to go.

Let each one ask herself whether she finds aught but pain in another's discomfort; whether she would be capable of being gentle and civil, of purring softly in the presence of one from whom she would filch good opinion, good name, or good character in their absence. Let each one notice whether snarling, snappish, growling, quarrelsome tones are apt to be heard when she feels discontented, irritable, ill-natured or "worried."

If any one of you can find no trace of any of these traits—if you are not blinded by self-satisfaction, and your estimate is just—you are fortunate, indeed, very wonderfully and remarkably so. But if, on the contrary, you find lurking evidence of kindred evils in yourselves, there is good, strong, brave fighting to be done in the quiet—or unquiet—depths of your own natures and lives.

As I write, the shades of the cats I have loved and lost arise and gaze upon me with reproachful eyes; and I protest that they were not the cats of which I have been writing; many pleasant memories have I stored away of them; and for their sakes, I add that all cats are not bad, nor, indeed, is any cat all bad; they have their lovable traits, their lovable ways—I wish they manifested them more frequently—especially at nights.

AUNTIE.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 4.

THE bluebirds are singing around my window to-day, their glad welcome to the Spring, and Madge's canary carols gaily in the porch across the street. Hyacinths and jonquils are in their glory, fruit-trees are laden with blossoms, and the bees hum around them in ecstasy, while they carry off their rich harvests. The very air around us seems glad—filled with sunshine and soft breezes.

Yesterday was almost a counterpart of this, and it enticed me out for a walk, and a few visits not far away. The skies overhead were blue enough for June, and on every hand nature seemed to say, "Rejoice!" I took my way down a broad street where some of the prettiest yards and residences are situated. Going in at the first one, I paused to admire the quantities of bulbous-rooted flowers that bordered the garden beds, and presented such an array of bright and varied color. The tall forest trees that stand here and there through the yard, with broad grassy plots beneath, where shrubbery is dotted about without any especial design, and the large, two-story brick house, with its broad hall and front steps, remind me more of the old home in Kentucky, than any other place I

see here. I often sit and look at it from my east window, in summer-time, when cool shadows lie under the trees. A luxuriant clematis vine, climbing through an old pear tree, was covered with purple bloom. While I was admiring it, the mistress of the house, seeing me from her window, came out to meet me, and we went in together.

After a pleasant call with her and her daughter, and a play at bo-peep with the baby, I pursued my way to the next neighbor's to see some friends whom I had not met since my return. This was the house where the dear elderly ladies, who spent the winter among us two years ago, were domiciled, and it recalled the delightful days I used to spend there, then. We always have a talk about them, when I go there, and about the two absent daughters, who live far away.

The hour of noon passed quickly, and after a long rest here, I went on farther down the street, in the afternoon, with eager steps and glad thoughts, to call on my dear old physician and his wife. For weeks there had always been something in the way of making this long-desired visit, so I had not seen him since coming home; for his time is too busily employed now, to admit of his making other than professional visits.

Passing through the pretty front yard, with its neatly kept flower-beds, and choice rose-bushes, I met the doctor in the front hall, and received a cordial welcome. His warm congratulations, and evident pleasure in my acquisitions of strength and health, were very gratifying. He has predicted for years that I would be restored to health in time, and is glad to see it coming in so much greater measure than ever before. We talked over some of those old days, in the times when they thought I would never even sit up again. How kind he always was then—often sitting at my bedside an hour at a time, talking on various pleasant subjects, always giving me something pleasant to think about, before he left, if possible, or telling something to encourage a laugh. How anxiously he watched my first feeble attempts to walk across the floor without assistance, and helped me so carefully to his buggy, for those first short drives of fifteen or twenty minutes, which were such great events in the early days of convalescence. And now, to think that I can walk the three blocks that take me to his house, without any real fatigue, seems strange as it is delightful, when contrasted with those years of suffering. How very differently things transpire from what we expect, and what an unfathomable mystery our futures are.

When the afternoon was nearly over, I started homeward, and stopped on the way to see my friend of the rose garden. She was out among her bushes, which are looking beautiful. The mild winter did not even kill their leaves, and they look ready to bloom. We walked about among them awhile, then went into the house for a long chat. She visited D— at the same time I did last fall, and we talked over our friends there—a topic which is always interesting to me. She had late messages for me from some of them, and it has kept them much in my thoughts to-day. Their faces rise before me as I write. The young mothers, with their little ones around them in the evening hour, just before bedtime. Bright manly boys, and tiny girls with curls clustering around their faces, prattling their sweet childish talk, or saying their infant

prayers at the mother's knee; and the dear baby whom I loved so well, crows and laughs, and pats her little hands in glee, while she takes her bedtime romp.

Older faces, too, on whose once smooth brows, time and care have made their traces. It was a pleasure to sit beside them, listening to reminiscences of by-gone days, or lessons of wisdom which the experience of their owners could teach.

Then there are the faces of a brother and sister who contributed much to my enjoyment. Calm, quiet ones, these are, which, perhaps, would not at first attract the careless observer, but to which a little child, or any one in trouble, would turn instinctively for help or protection. They belong to characters that will stand firm and strong for the right, when tried, and are ready to go forward and do their part in the world's work, whether it be small and humble, or great and noble.

One more image is among those that come oftenest to awaken sweet recollections, looking at me with smiling eyes, from behind a large desk where a little figure sits all day long, busily writing and counting, until the small head is often weary, and the bright eyes grow dim and ache with the constant strain. But the brave, independent spirit keeps up courageously, and turns a cheerful face ever towards the world.

Such women make the true nobility of the sex. Would that there were many more of them. I used to enjoy dropping in occasionally, and making a little interlude in her monotonous work, with a few minutes' chat. How the dark eyes would light up when she recognized my brown veil coming down the long passway, among the busy clerks. What delightful evenings we had whenever we could get together, during the last weeks of my stay. Then I learned to know what lay beneath the bright exterior, and kindred experiences and corresponding tastes and feelings, drew us closely together. How I long for some of those evenings now. When I sing her favorite songs, now dearer than ever before, I can see her so plainly beside me, and in memory hear her voice. Thus it is that forms and faces come and go; pleasant visions, seen ever and anon amid the employments of the busy days, or in the quiet evening hours; recalling the brightest moments of the year just passed. Sing on, sweet birds! sing songs of hope for coming days, when all these visions shall be a reality to my sight once more. Songs of happiness and contentment for the blessings that are present, of gladness for the sunny hours of spring and summer, yet to be; and when days of cloud and gloom come, still sing, to cheer all hearts that hear your joyous strains.

LICHEN.

A THOUGHT WHICH BLOSSOMED AND BORE FRUIT.

"HOW lonesome those Edie girls must be, this Christmas," said Lou, as she threaded her needle with blue floss, "Jane is sick, and Abby must stay at home and take care of her. Once they had a happy home with father and mother and brothers in it. Now all are dead or scattered, and they live alone in their two rooms. I am afraid it is a pretty poor living, too, they have, now Abby cannot go out and sew. Suppose, girls, we all remember them, this Christmas? Not

in a body, like a committee or a donation party, but each separately, like good neighbors. I am sure it would brighten the day for them to have a succession of little surprises, coming one after another. Let us begin the night before and keep it up through the day!"

The plan was well received, for the two maiden sisters were beloved and esteemed all through the town. Lou and Ada sent a message to a few friends who had once lived in the place, and asked for a small remembrance for the Esie girls, through the mail, if only a pretty holiday card. The girls were wide awake on the subject, and by suitable collusion among themselves prevented the gifts from being too monotonous. Lizzie packed up a basket of roast chicken, mince pie and a bowl of cranberry sauce for father to take around on Christmas evening, and he met Farmer Griggs driving off with some empty baskets which had lately been filled with fine vegetables. It seemed as if that brass knocker was bewitched all the next day, for rap, tap, tap, it would go, every hour or half-hour, and some bright face would appear with a little love token, and a ringing "merry Christmas!" which made the neat little rooms

echo so joyously, there was really no time, from morning till night, to sit down with sad, brooding thoughts. Jane was almost tired with the weight of excitement and pleasure when nightfall came, but it was a very happy kind of weariness. It made sleep sweet and dreams pleasant.

Such a mail they never had before. Not only had brother Jack remembered them with a good check, but so many other good friends, it really seemed as if the Lord had opened everybody's heart to them this Christmas.

"I guess you will not be out of reading matter, soon," said Abby, as she laid on the handy shelf by her bed a package of magazines and another of papers.

"They look good," said the invalid, smiling, as she turned her eye fondly toward the treasures. "There will be no more want for us this winter, and it seems as if the Lord had told our kind friends of just the things we needed most. And then to think he has added on, besides, all these luxuries," and she gazed with delight on some beautiful cards on the wall.

So much for a good thought which blossoms and bears fruit.

ADELIA.

Life and Character.

"OUR HANNER."

"WELL! well!" that was all he said, and he laid the letter on the table beside him and rubbed his palms down the legs of his trousers.

His wife sighed, and looked at the check in the carpet. After a few minutes she spoke, "Father, I do wish John could, one time in his life, write us a cheerful letter. We can hardly wait to hear from them, and when the letters do come, it's always about the same story. Hard times, bad luck, poor health, no crops, low figures, despondent, or something wrong. I wish he could learn to be cheerful."

"He never will," was the curt answer. "If there wa'n't one thing to trouble him, he'd find another. Some people are that way, you know. Now, Tom never saw the day he couldn't laugh heartily, and have a funny story to tell to chick up other folks."

"I was in at old Mrs. Nichols' the other day, when a letter came from her Mary Ann," said Mrs. Coventry, "and it was such a gloomy, complaining one, that it had better not have come at all. She said that Mary Ann was always wishing for something better; never satisfied; hoping for a change; envying others; magnifying her ills, and that her life was going out in repining and faithless ingratitude to God."

That is the way with some people. Natures differ. It is a wise arrangement, a beautiful providence, that sets one sweet singing soul down into the midst of a family. Old Jack, the sailor, who did chores, and paid his way handsomely in the family of Deacon Withers, was right when he said, "There be folks who's allus a frettin' everywhere among us all."

And right alongside of the gloomy one, some-

times hand-in-hand, goes another with a sunny nature shining out joyfully upon every one. Of this latter class, was Hannah Clarke, the only sister of the Clarke boys, seven brothers there were of them. They always called her "Our Hanner."

It was wonderful, the heartsome, cheery ways of that girl! Nothing disconcerted her. When she went to the city with her uncle, the minister of St. Paul's Church, she taught him a good lesson, unwittingly. The cars were crowded. Uncle strode in with the air of a man who was used to having everything his own way. He scowled and looked in vain for a vacant seat. Then he called on the conductor to make a brother and sister who were on their way to California, to occupy the same seat, and allow him, the Right Reverend Phineas Noddleton, to have one all to himself that he might study out his next Sabbath's sermon. And there he sat and glowered, and pursed his lips, and drew his brows, and set stakes for his firstly, secondly, and on to his seventhly division, while the poor, sleepy brother and sister nodded and bobbed heads together, and suffered for restful positions.

And Hannah? Well, she preached a better sermon in that four hours' ride than ever the Reverend Phineas did in his life. And her eyes carried to her teachable young heart a sweeter discourse than ever Uncle Phineas heard or dreamed of, or could conceive of in his bigoted, narrow existence.

Dear little Hannah, she disliked to see people crowd and push and scramble for the best seat, so she took what was left, the short seat by the door, the one that is generally occupied by bashful folks, or by bewildered people who do not travel much, or by foreigners. It was not long until the dear child discovered that the universal law of compensation held good even in the matter of back

seats. What a fine outlook from the back window of the last car! How the mountains receded in the distance! how dim their outline, how blue and hazy and Indian summery they seemed away, away back there! How broad and green the billowy meadows, lying on both sides of the track, were! How easy it was to follow the course of the winding brooks by the fringe of alders and willows on the banks! How pretty the roadside ponds, with the geese and ducks tilting back and forth like rocking on the rippled waters. The swaying elms stood alone, in all their grandeur of growth, nodding, like huge pampas, and trailing their swinging boughs even down to the sickle grass and wild honeysuckle that grew underneath.

What sweet bouquets of meadow flowers were waiting to be gathered! How she twisted her happy little hands in the very anticipation of culling a whole apronful of the beauties! What a tender mist enveloped the dim distance! How like pictures looked the farm-houses, with the bee-house, hen-house, dry-house, smoke-house, wood-house, and all the handy accessories. How cosy things seemed, too: Grandmother sitting on the porch, rocking slowly, throwing back her head to look at the "keers," from under her glasses; baby sitting bare-legged on the steps, with the flies bothering him as they alighted on his sugary mouth; swift-footed lassie throwing out the dish-water; men leaning against the handle of the plows, or with an elbow resting on the top rail, turning to see the train whiz by; women hanging out a washing; repair hands on the track hardly getting out of the way in time, so industrious are they, and so honorable in dealing with their employers, so glad to find favor in the eyes of men who, to them, are magnates.

All this, and more, did the little Hannah see from the back window and the door that sometimes stood wide open. She saw red-eyed loungers at the depot, dashing young men with clouds of smoke above their heads, friends kissing friends as they parted, perhaps, never to meet again; heard them say, for lack of something better out of the fullness of heavy hearts, "well, take care of yourself!" "see that you remember me, old fellow!" "if we don't meet again in this world, I hope we will in that world where there is no more parting!" "well, now, don't forget to write as soon as you get through!" and at one place, a dear little girl nearly fainted with the sorrow of parting with her father and mother. When she entered the car, Hannah met her at the door, took her big bundle, and as the car was crowded, she offered her one end of her seat.

The young girl was going away off to take care of an invalid aunt, a wealthy woman, who would make the niece her heir in the event of her death. Presently the girl sobbed away the poignancy of her grief, and made a very agreeable traveling companion. Then the two sat and watched the track unroll itself from beneath the cars, plunge into gorges, glide on high embankments, through the arches of bridges, over rivers and brooks, through the solemn dark woods, and past farm-houses built long before railroads were dreamed of, and in consequence the best side of the house was not facing the front. They made pretty harmless remarks about things and about the persons they saw. They wondered if the couple to the left were married or did they only meditate mar-

riage; wondered if the lady in bronze with the lovely hair was the young wife of the man in the gray wig, or was she only his daughter or the wife of his son or his brother-in-law; wondered if the tall lady in glasses was a teacher or the matron in an asylum, or a family governess; and they did wish they knew whether the two babies across were twins or not. Hannah asked Lettice—that was the name of the new girl—how she liked bonnets trimmed in cardinal, and Lettice asked Hannah if the fringe on her new dolman was very expensive. Then their talk flowed on, and before an hour, each girl knew what church the other belonged to, and had learned whether they used the Westminster or the Berean lesson leaves. How nicely they did get on together, how they laughed and chatted and examined each others way of putting up hair, the rings they wore, the laces, and finally they wrote down and exchanged their addresses, each apologizing for the miserable writing ones does in a jostling car. When the junction was reached, and the lonely little traveler had to take another route, the two girls kissed good-bye affectionately, and each expressed regret at parting. Reverend Phineas Noodleton drew his beetling brows, and stared in surprise at his niece, in his tough old heart calling her a country greenhorn who would have to get her eye-teeth cut sometime.

Then Hannah shook the wrinkles out of her new bunting dress and sat down again. She was so happy; she always was; why should she not be? And as the engine steamed away from the window the pleasant panorama began again. It was so nice to travel and see things. Thinking this, she softly sung the same spiritual song that she did at home, while she was making beds, doing up the boys' shirts, peeling potatoes, darning socks, and scrubbing the porches. The old Quaker couple sitting opposite could very distinctly hear the refrain, which was:

"How can I keep from singing?"

Occasionally they caught the sweetness and melody of both song and voice, in broken snatches, such as:

"My life flows on in endless song. * *
I hear the music ringing. * *
What tho' my joys and comforts die,
The Lord my Saviour liveth. * * *
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart.
A fountain ever springing."

And, as Hannah looked out of the window, she kept on seeing new things. A horse in a carriage scared and backed down, and down, and the lady caught the lines that were in the cool driver's hands and came very nearly upsetting the carriage down a steep bank. And she wondered why women always will snatch hold of the lines in their fright. Then she saw some little boys catch the infection of hurry from the flying train, and they hallooed and waved their hats and their hands, and were wild with excitement. The picture was changing all the time; the dead leaves whirled, the roadside trees waltzed round and round, until they seemed drunken and dizzy; the tramps on the green bank seemed to look up imploringly, and their hard, old dusty shoes, even, seemed to cry out for a ride; and the bare-armed girl, in the bleak, white two-story house was tying

a hollyhock up to a stake out in the door yard, as though she "longed for something better than she had known."

A bit of candy, wrapped in a small piece of newspaper, was tucked in between the seat and the window. Idly did Hannah fumble at the tiny parcel, folded perhaps by little hands that had played "keep grocery," and when she opened it, a fragment of a poem was there; only one whole verse, and the girl read it, not that she was "passionately fond of poetry," but idly, and yet not disinterested. It was a sweet stanza in the poets' corner, thus:

"And the stream will shine among the reeds,
And the lilies by the lake
Will unfold their buds, while the wood birds sing
Till the copse, and forest, and valley ring,
And the mountain echoes wake."

"Why, how charming everything is!" thought "Our Hannah," as the picture came up before her of a shady nook, with a purling stream winding and chatting along among the reeds and rushes and swamp birds, with the sweet-hearted lilies fringing the sedgy banks and the willow's tender tassels dipping into the pure waters.

"Oh, I wish I could write poetry!" she whispered as she looked up into the blue of the heavens, and noted the airy clouds, and then her lips moved in her own silent meditations.

Ah, Hannah! Hannah! light of one home and joy of all the hearts therein, thy life is a poem and a song, a revelation and a prophecy—a blessing, whose influence can go away to the far-reaching of eternity. How warm her heart was! Why she even felt sorry for the young man who squinted so closely at his paper while a poor woman stood blushing and looking for a seat; sorry for the old bald-headed, warty-nosed man, who always saw

some object of exceeding interest out of the window, when people came in and found the car filled.

Then Hannah began to think that riding on the back seat gave one such a good chance to see everything, and everybody, that she felt guilty and selfish, and as though the pleasures of traveling should be more equally distributed.

When they arrived at the home of the Rev. Phineas Noodleton, she was surprised to see him slam doors, order servants, cuff his little children, scold his wife, and behave in a very ungracious manner. Her aunt said, by way of apology, "never mind if your uncle is cross; he'll get over it after he preaches his next sermon; he's tired, and my dear he's always as cross as a bear after traveling in the cars. He says one has such a good chance to study human nature there; that it seems to him everybody is churlish, and selfish, and exacting. He always has the luck of meeting with disagreeable people, snappish conductors, ill-ventilated coaches, and exacting persons who show no regard to the feelings of others. And then the poor, loving, little woman said, "how did you find the ride, dear?"

"Oh, everything was splendid, and just as nice as at home. People were kind, and everything was new and pretty and entertaining," said Hannah, "and I had a nice back-seat all to my ownself, where I could see everything above and below, and around me, and I was very happy indeed."

Dear little Hannah, she did not know that from the soul itself must come forth the beauty and the glory that surrounds us like a halo! Joy must come from within.

But, as long as the world wags, the words of old Jack, the sailor, who did chores and paid his way at Deacon Withers, "there be folks who's allus a frettin' everywhere among us all."

ROSELLA RICE.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE WONDER OF DEATH.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him, "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair,
On her forehead of snow they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a tender touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and marriage lace;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away," they said; "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence and scents of eglantier,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary.
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom;

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The stately, the lovely, the beautiful dead—

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it. Alone again, he and she,

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without
breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?"

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?"

"See! now I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart of bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?"

"Oh, perfect dead! O dead, most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;"

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!"

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet."

"I would tell you darling, if I were dead,
And your hot tears on my brow were shed:"

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had
laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid;

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise—"

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though she told me, who will believe 'twas said?"

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet soft voice, in the dear old way?"

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,

"And am your angel, who was your bride;
And know that, though dead, I have never died!"
EDWIN ARNOLD.

SONG.

THE clover-blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet,
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild-flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest,—
I'm jealous of its arms of gold,—
Oh, that these arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair;
Let flowers, and sun, and breeze go by,
O dearest! Love me or I die!
CELIA THAXTER.

MY STAR.

ALL that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like angled spar)

Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said

They would fain see, too,

My star that dartles the red and the blue.
Then it stops like a bird, like a flower hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn
above it.

What matter to me if the star is a world?

Mine has opened its soul to me, therefore I love
it.
ROBERT BROWNING.

Housekeepers' Department.

ECONOMIES IN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

A few words in our language are more frequently misapplied, and misconstrued, than the word "economy," may I venture at the outset of this paper to point out its true meaning? "Economy is the management, regulation, and government of a family or household; a frugal and judicious use of money, that management which spends money to advantage and incurs no waste, frugality in the necessary expenditure of money; a judicious application of time, labor, and the instruments of labor." We see then to be truly economical is not to be parsimonious, for that implies saving at any cost or inconvenience; yet these two words are generally used as though their meaning were synonymous. "With economy few need be poor, and without it few can be rich," and it is my intention to deal briefly with the subject in its relation to all domestic matters, regarding nothing as too trivial for notice. While I write, food, fuel, dress, and a host of followers in their train, seem to rise before my mental vision, and cry out for attention, needing reformation in a thousand ways; and by treating each

matter separately, we may at least arrive at a true idea of real economy.

Such suggestions as I shall offer will be of practically little value to the very rich or the very poor; the former class are out of my pale; they are to be blamed if anything averse to order and regularity rules their homes, yet where lavish expenditure and super-abundant supply are the rule, I feel there will always be more or less of waste.

I feel, that I am addressing myself chiefly to those whose lot it is to keep up what is called a position on a moderate income; though there are many others to whom some of my remarks will apply. These constitute a class who often find it hard to "make both ends meet," for such families must live in a respectable locality, be given to hospitality, dress fairly, keep a servant, and, in short, were the means at their disposal doubled, Mrs. Grundy would expect no more of them.

Residents in the country of course gain advantages in the shape of reduced rents, enlarged garden ground, and the like; but I am now referring to dwellers in towns. And here let me say a word to those who may be contemplating setting up a home of their own: don't for the sake of appearances, take a larger house than you require, at a

rent you can't afford; many people take one double the size needed, forgetting that it means extra labor, as well as high rent; and as "three removes are as bad as a fire," don't be always knocking your goods about from place to place, unless the reason for removal is a good one.

With reference to the all-important food question, abler pens than mine are writing daily on the use and abuse of God's great gifts to man, yet the old lamentable waste goes on, owing not so much, I honestly believe, to sheer inclination to throw away, as to the lack of a practical knowledge of the uses that may be made of the remnants and scraps so often condemned as worthless, by converting them into tasty dishes at a minimum of cost and trouble.

"Want of variety leads to satiety," and the food that is relished and eaten of heartily in January will be turned from with distaste and loathing during the sultry days of July; so if the bill of fare be varied as well as the manner of cooking, you will avoid waste and all will be satisfied; and remember, we must eat to live, and as bone, nerve, and flesh all need constant replenishing, our diet must by a mixed one, flesh-formers, heat-producers, bone and nerve formers, all finding their respective places on our tables.

Bread, "the staff of life," is a serious item in the weekly expenditure, and all frugal housekeepers will make it at home; for besides being a step on the road to economy, there is a tempting sweetness about genuine home-made bread that all other kinds seem to me to lack. You can't afford to dispense with its sustaining properties; it is simply invaluable to growing children, and only prejudice precludes its consumption in many a household.

With regard to meat, valuable though it undoubtedly is, it would be well for many people if they ate far less; and those who partake of it lavishly two or three times daily are not only wasteful, but may thank themselves if they suffer from coarseness of flesh, chronic dyspepsia, and many other ailments so often the result of over-indulgence in animal food. Let your motto be, of meat, little and good. Well-hung meat being so much more tender and superior in flavor to that freshly killed, I advise you to have hanging in your cellar one joint at least of size proportionate to your family; it is so rare to get just the weight and kind required when meat is sent for in a hurry; and a leg or loin of mutton, ribs or sirloin of beef, if at hand, will supply you with reliable chops and steaks at a moment's notice, costing far less than if fetched in single pounds from your butcher. By boning your meat previously to cooking it, you will carve it more easily, and the bones if chopped small will form the basis of good nourishing soup; and by saving all your pot-liquor and remnants of vegetables, and bringing a little skill and ingenuity to bear on the manipulation of the ingredients, you may vary your soups *ad libitum*. Remember, "It's the seasoning wot does it."

Lentil soup is simply invaluable, being so cheap, nutritious, and palatable; it is especially suitable for cold weather, and will keep good for a week. I recommend the following recipe as an excellent one:

Four quarts of stock made from bones to one pound of lentils, after having thoroughly washed and soaked them for twelve hours; add half an ounce of salt, a teaspoonful of dried mixed herbs, a pinch of celery seed, and a few cloves and pep-

percorns; simmer for three hours, strain through a coarse sieve, add mixed vegetables to taste (these must be boiled separately, and cut small).

Previous to roasting meat—if lean, it is especially necessary—cover it well in every part with melted dripping, as enveloped in fat it will cook at a greater heat, retain more of its juices, and is proof against dryness.

Fat meat is distasteful to many people; and it often happens that a joint to be large enough for a family will have a greater proportion of fat than can be eaten. Don't waste it by having it left on the plates day after day; but before cooking trim off all superfluous fat, cut it up, add a quarter-pint of water to each pound, simmer it for half an hour, or until all the fat is dry and shrivelled, let it cool for a minute or two, and then strain it off. The fat thus clarified will be beautifully white, and answer admirably for frying purposes, plain cakes, pastry, etc. In clarifying cooked fat left from cold joints, etc., use less water, and simmer as long again; then pour off into a basin of water, for the fat to cake on the top, and the impurities to settle at the bottom. In straining dripping from roast joints, in the same manner, avoid losing the real essence of the meat by letting that too run into the basin.

With reference to the respective meals of the day, I pray you equip with the best of all weapons, a good, substantial breakfast, those of your family who have to turn out and battle with the elements. There is good reason for this meal being a hearty one: the digestive powers are stronger after their rest, and many things will agree with the stomach at this hour that would cause positive pain later on in the day. As a rule, one dish at least should be a hot one; and whatever your drink may be, that which suits you should be the best of its kind. Much of the "prepared" cocoa is dear at any price; so is inferior tea, for no matter how much you use, it will always taste "too strong of the water." The best of "Mocha" berries should be used for your coffee; and if you want the benefit of the full aroma, grind them freshly every morning. Don't forget to scald your pot and the milk, and please don't believe in the injurious properties of chicory; on the contrary, a little added to coffee is wholesome, and an aid to digestion, besides being economical.

The little folks need a different diet. Oatmeal or hominy porridge, bread-and-milk, Indian cornmeal, and many cereal productions may be given to growing children with advantage, and will furnish them with a sustaining meal. The great bugbear to good breakfasts is the too prevalent habit of late rising. One hour in the morning is worth two in the evening; and all the bustle and hurry in the world won't overtake that lost hour. Early rising is a habit that needs to be but once acquired to insure constant practice, for few ever willingly fall into the old bad ways again.

Your income will, to an extent, influence you in the preparation of dinner; but in passing let me say, it is anything but economical to make cold dinners (except in very hot weather, when cold meat should be served with a nicely-dressed salad) a regular or frequent thing, hot meat being so much more satisfying; and if the mid-day meal be an insufficient one, you must make up later on for its short-comings, so nothing is saved by the practice after all.

Health Department.

NERVOUS IRRITABILITY: ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

THE subject chosen for this month's paper is one of far greater importance than might at first sight appear; for from this complaint—if complaint it may be called which is but a symptom after all—mental or physical, thousands upon thousands are almost constantly suffering. Many a cup of bliss is embittered by it, many a life which otherwise might be happy enough is rendered wretched on account of it. Young and old too, suffer from it, and neither sex is exempt.

It may or it may not be consoling for some to know, that the irritability from which they suffer is functional more than organic—that it indicates no actual lesion of tissue; in other words, no real disease. But is it to be disregarded on this account? No, certainly not; for no functional disease of any part can remain long without organic mischief ensuing. Irritability might therefore be looked upon as the warning voice of nature, calling one's attention to present weakness, local or constitutional, and future mischief. It is the shadow of a coming event, very often, alas! the shadow of death itself. It should therefore be not neglected.

I will now state, as briefly as I can, a few of the more common of the innumerable symptoms from which people afflicted with irritability of the nervous system often suffer. Many of them, I may premise, are just those on which vampire quacks fatten; and I am sorry to say that not a few of the members of my own profession unwittingly and unintentionally play into the hands of these fellows. In this way, among others, a patient who, from some innate modesty of feeling, has long kept quiet about his sufferings, making almost superhuman efforts to conquer them by the force of will, is impelled at last to take counsel of a physician. He describes to him as well as he can—for people of this kind are seldom good orators—his trouble and symptoms. Probably he is met with but an impatient hearing and a bit of advice.

"I'll give you some medicine," the physician says, "but you must really try to get over it. It is nervousness; one-half and more of your symptoms are mere freaks of imagination. Live as well as you can, take plenty of exercise, and—and take the medicine."

Try to get over it, indeed! Goodness help the poor fellow; isn't that what he has been endeavoring to do for months and months? And do you think he carries away with him from this well-meaning doctor's room much hope in his heart, or much faith in the pills and medicine he has received? It would be a wonder if he did. But, on the other hand, it is no wonder at all that, when in the columns of some second-class weekly he sees many of his symptoms described, and a remedy of tried value advertised to remove them, he should snap at the bait, and, having failed with the physician, trust to the quack.

But should graver symptoms, or seemingly grave symptoms, present themselves to the notice of the medical man he consults—such as severe

headache, loss of sleep, cramps and twitchings in the limbs, loss of memory, emotional or hysterical feelings, etc.—the case may be relegated to the black list: put down as softening of the brain; and probably the patient told, with a candor that is questionable—for candor often kills—that little can be done to avert a fatal termination.

But the head may ache, there may be oftentimes giddiness, and singing in the ears, and even partial deafness and dimness of sight, with all sorts of strange sensations in the limbs, and sleeplessness as well, without any actual brain lesion at all.

There may be present, off and on, in people afflicted with nervous debility, tic or neuralgia. But more often there is nothing of the sort, but a general feeling of debility of the nervous system throughout the whole body. The patient is far below par; he knows it, but often tries to cheat himself into the belief that his condition calls for no anxiety. But he is not fit for honest labor, whether mental or bodily; his memory is not quite what it was, and it irritates him to follow out any subject which requires clear reasoning capabilities. Pains of a darting, flying nature he suffers from, and these may alarm him or startle him most unnecessarily; he lays too much stress on them, feels sure they will increase, and that he is about to have an attack of neuralgia, gout, or something worse—he can't tell what.

A pain in the region of the heart, though it be but a mere momentary stitch, causes the patient to believe that there is cardiac mischief brewing, and that that will be the end of him after all. For to many sufferers from irritability death is a spectre which is almost constantly looming ahead, or popping up every now and then when least expected.

But nervous irritability does affect the heart functionally, and the symptoms are usually more distressing than in real disease. There may be almost constant dull, aching pains in the left side, inability to lie with comfort on that side, irregularity of the pulse, which often misses, or seems to miss a beat, or goes on for a time flutteringly; giving rise to the idea in the sufferer's mind that death is imminent, or at least impending. A little *sal volatile*, by the way, and a change of the position of the body is often sufficient to dispel these feelings for the time. In weaker subjects, this fluttering of the heart is often a most distressing symptom; in those who are more plethoric, palpitation is more common. Both states are often caused by flatulence on the stomach.

Independent of the many bodily symptoms from which the patient suffers, there are many which may be called mental. There is a general mental weariness, if I may so term it; a dislike for society, that rest was pleasant enough to him; depression of spirits, inability to reason out any subject for any length of time, groundless timidity, needless anxiety, and partial loss of memory and confusion of thought. Added to this, there is a strange and indescribable feeling of restlessness, which makes the sufferer quite from home in any society. He is on the worst of terms with himself, but he feels unfit to keep company with any one save himself, and that is the worst companion he possibly could have.

Another symptom, and that too a very distressing one, is peevishness or irascibility of temper. He cannot help it, even with the best intentions and the kindest nature in the world; and the very fact that he cannot worries him beyond measure.

He may also have thoughts that run away with him, as it were, and sentences and words that come into his mind, repeating themselves over and over again, till he feels almost crazy. It would be strange if symptoms like these did not produce restless and maybe sleepless nights, or, at all events, nights of unrefreshing slumber, and consequent weary, listless days. With all his sufferings he may look the reverse of unhealthy; external sympathy is a thing, therefore, that he knows he need not look for, and he is apt to look upon his dearest friends as cruel in consequence.

Now, although many people are naturally of the nervous temperament—among whom may be numbered the majority of our writers—poets, philosophers, and people of high mental endowments, and are so all their lives, extreme symptoms, like those I have just mentioned, must be looked upon as abnormal, and therefore belonging to the category of diseases. They may usually be traced to some distinct cause or causes.

Anxiety of mind, worry, care, and overwork, bodily or mental, but especially the latter, are all sure in the long run to debilitate nerve-tissue. Melancholy thoughts of any kind have the same tendency; so have extremes of heat and cold. A hot summer or a cold winter will often produce nervous irritability, in those who never knew they possessed nerves before. The want of exercise or plenty of fresh air, *bad water*, residence on an unhealthy soil, or in a damp, humid atmosphere, and sleeping in badly ventilated apartments, will bring about the same dire results. Need I add, as exciting causes of this complaint, over indulgence in wine, tea, and tobacco, and excess of every kind, mental or bodily?

If you have care and anxiety, you are bound to get rid of it, to a great extent anyhow, before you can hope for a cure. If you can trace the cause of your nervous irritability, you must remove it; that, in itself, will be half the battle. Next, you must do your best to obtain healthful, refreshing sleep—without the aid of night draughts, remember. A moderate degree of exercise; a light, nutritious, early supper; a bath, with friction, last thing; a moderately soft bed, with light, warm covering, and a well-ventilated, darkened apartment, will all favor this. By day *everything* that vexes, worries, or annoys in the slightest must be avoided. The diet must be carefully studied and regulated. Exercise in the open air is to be enjoined, the hours of labor must be shortened, and cheerful society cultivated. Medicine needs men-

tion last. This should be a tonic nature chiefly supplemented by some such mild aperient as the rhubarb pill. Those who have not read my article on tonic remedies, would do well to procure the back number of the magazine and study it. Arsenic, zinc, iron, or quinine, with the bitter tonics, are usually needed in the treatment of irritability; but whatever tonic be chosen, it ought to be taken in small doses at first, and it ought not to irritate the stomach or bowels, else it will do mischief. The salt-water bath of a morning deserves a trial, so does the shower-bath for those who can stand it; and the last remedial measure I have to mention is entire change of residence and scene.

I now come to say a word or two about the rational treatment of irritability. And, perhaps, some suffering reader may, in the innocence of his heart, expect me to propose a cure for his sad condition; perhaps even prescribe a medicine that is sure to lift him out of the slough of despair, and set him at once upon the high road to health and enjoyment of life. Alas! debilitated nerves are not restored to their normal condition by any medicinal specific whatever. But, if I have got such a one to believe that the symptoms from which he suffers are the harbingers of real and serious illness, the beacons that nature sets up to warn him off the rocks of dissolution, I have already done something for him; and if I can make him believe that there is a hope of a cure for his ailment, I have done a deal more. Nevertheless, he must remember that the attempt at restoration of health must be a very radical one.

I had a fruit-tree that grew in a certain position in my kitchen garden some time ago. It was not an old tree by any means, but, small as it was, it did not look young; the bark on it was ragged and rough, its stem was thin and weakly, and it leant sadly to one side. I had passed it by many a time, perhaps, with a mere glance, to see if it gave promise of blossom or fruit. I never saw any on it till a couple of years ago, when, somewhat to my surprise, it presented me with six beautiful pears. Six—only a small offering, but it set me a-thinking, and I determined to do something for it. I soon found that it grew on but a poorly-nourished soil; but, independent of this, it had a world of care to contend against: it was exposed to an eddy of east wind, and it was overshadowed by a mighty apple-tree, so that, bend as it would, it could not get a "blink" of the sunshine. What did I do for it? I carefully transplanted it to more favorable quarters; I tended it and nourished it, and now, instead of six pears, I had bushels from it last fall. But had I left it where it was, all care, pruning, and manuring would have been labor lost.—*A Family Doctor in Cassell's Magazine.*

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

SPRING and early Summer costumes are characterized by novel combinations. Two or three materials are now put together in the same suit, which were once thought to be highly

incongruous. The most singular of these combinations seems to be cashmere and light summer silk.

A basque and short overskirt made of dark-green, in blue, or black cashmere, may be worn over a light, checked silk, showing only a little of

a color corresponding to the overdress, the general effect being cream, or gray. An overdress of cashmere, to go with a summer-silk skirt, may be trimmed with white muslin embroidery, either Hamburg or Swiss. No rule is given for the disposal of this odd garniture, except that the points are usually turned upward, when outlining cuffs, panels, etc. This fantastic fashion will be found especially useful to those who wish to make over partly-worn summer silks.

Another singular combination is light woolen goods with velvet. Black velvet underskirts, collars, cuffs and pockets, with camel's-hair or *de bege*, are not new—but this is not the latest way of wearing together these seemingly opposite materials. Now a cream-colored nun's-veiling, or cashmere or albatross-cloth, or *de bege* overdress may have skirt and collar of copper-red or blue-green velvet, either plain or embossed. Bronze-brown and olive are the other deep colors usually chosen to combine with the pale gray or ecru wool fabrics. But it really seems that any moderately-bright velvet will do to wear with any light woolen stuff, provided the combination be artistically made. Here is another opportunity for some ladies to bring into service partly-worn, half-forgotten materials.

Light suits are also trimmed with silk or woolen embroidery, either with or without the velvet ornamentation.

Soft, changeable silks, in three or four shades, are used in combination with plain silks. Sometimes a changeable silk forms the panier of a costume, the rest of which is plain silk or satin. Sometimes it takes the form of a long basque, over a plain skirt. Silk or satin of a bright color is frequently placed beneath any openwork, like a vest or skirt-front made of lace, braiding, or embroidery.

Actual changes in shapes of garments come slowly. The general fancy is still for all-in-one

skirts, short paniers, high bunched draperies, and plain basques. Among the new models are, semi-princess dress, not, however, actually all in one, but composed of a long basque, and a separate skirt-piece to be attached, the joining concealed by full panier or sash drapery. The old, long, apron-front overskirt is to be revised but is to be bunched more than formerly upon the sides and in the back. New skirts are laid in broad box plaits in the front and back breadths, but left plain upon the sides. The favorite trimming for skirts is still plaitings, some very narrow, some very wide. In a wide plaiting, made of colored striped goods, the plaits are all turned one way so that but one color of the stripes shall show, except that at the top of every plait, reverses are laid back to display the other colored stripes. Some skirts are composed of plaits throughout their entire length; others are finished around the hem by rows of narrow tucks; others have only sashes draped around them, these so voluminous that no other trimming is needed.

New hats and bonnets are of English, manila, Milan, and porcupine straws. They are rather large, but not so large as might have been expected from this last winter's styles. They are trimmed mostly with lace, satin, ribbon, and ostrich feathers, flowers seeming to be less in favor. And yet, gorgeous flowers are both seen and predicted, especially enormous sunflowers, some of them large enough to cover the entire bonnet-crowns. Some of the newly imported ostrich feathers are beautifully shaded. A little gilding in the shape of gold ornaments, cords, and threads run into lace, is frequently seen.

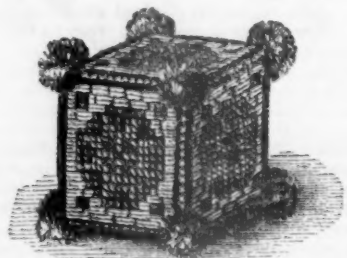
The favorite gloves are still long ones of black, or tan, or cream-colored kid.

Dressy parasols will be made of black or white watered silk, with a spray of flowers on top, and a bow tied on the handle.

Fancy Needlework.

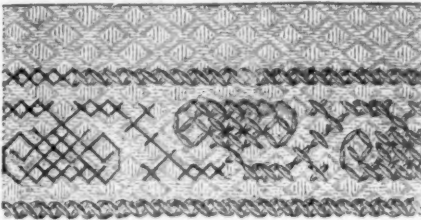


BOOK WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.—The cover is of plush; it is worked with silk of one color. The corners can easily be arranged to suit the width of the book. A row of cording-stitch is worked at the outside of border, and two rows together on the inside. The monogram of the owner of the book is worked in the centre of the cover.



CUBICAL EMERY-CUSHION.—The design for the four sides, top, and bottom of cushion is shown above. It is of canvas worked with Berlin wool, with a grounding of long stitches in filosele; each side measures two inches. Canvas twelve stitches to the inch should be used; the colors may be chosen to suit the taste by the maker. Each edge is bound with narrow ribbon, back-stitched to the canvas, then sewn together at the edge, and

worked over with cross-stitch. The tufts at the corners are of crewel. The emery should be put into calico in the same shape as the canvas but a trifle smaller.



BORDER: CROSS-STITCH.—The border may be worked in silk or crewel. The fine lines show a tracing over which the stitches are worked.



HANGING PINCUSHION.—This cushion is of chocolate satin, measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, embroidered with a cross-stitch design in blue and crimson embroidery silk. As the satin threads cannot be counted, canvas must be tacked over it; the pattern worked through it. The threads of canvas are drawn away when the work is finished. The cushion is filled with saw-dust; it is edged with a silk cord comprising all three colors used. The cord is arranged in loops at the corners; it is ornamented on the two lower sides by tassels made by tying wool, as shown in illustration, and afterwards combing it out. A band is used for the head of the tassel. The cushion is suspended by three lengths of cord, joined at the top under a wool ball and tassels.

KNIT LACE.

K NIT lace, such as our grandmothers made, is once more fashionable. Now, however, it is generally done in split-zephyr or Saxony-wool, and used for trimming flannel skirts, sacques, etc. White cotton may still be employed by those who prefer, and the lace made of it used to adorn pillow-slips or underclothing. Knit lace, in unbleached cotton or linen thread, forms a suitable finish for curtains and tidies of cheese-cloth, or cream-colored bunting, thus taking the place of antique or torchon laces. In short, an ingenious woman may put to use an old invention, in a variety of new ways.

Knitting-needles for lace-making should be fine, No. 17 for wools, being about the coarsest. For the benefit of those who find it difficult to follow a description of a pattern in a magazine, we have appended the following explanations:

Knit lace usually consists of two parts, the *point*, and the *herring-bone*. The former constitutes the ornamental border, and generally contains several holes. The latter consists of two rows of holes, with a rib between; these holes, however, being made in a different manner from those in the point. A pattern may be widened or narrowed according to fancy, by adding or omitting one or more rows of herring-bone. A pattern may also be varied by increasing or diminishing the number of plain stitches given in the directions. It is not safe, however, to alter the number or position of holes in the point, unless you are an expert,—in which case you may, perhaps, invent your own patterns, taking care, however, to preserve a certain regularity.

To knit is simply to work in the regular way, that is, knit *plain stitch*. This is done by passing the right-hand needle through a stitch upon the left-hand needle, from left to right, then throwing the thread from you, under and around the needle toward you, then working the loop so made through the stitch which you have just caught up, thus forming a new one upon the right-hand needle.

To purl to seam, or to turn, is literally to knit back-wards. This is done by drawing the thread towards you, passing the right-hand needle through a stitch upon the left-hand needle, and throwing the thread over the needle, then around it and towards you, of course, working this loop through the caught-up stitch to form a new one upon the right-hand needle.

Observe, then, when you are told to "purl two together," the second of these two stitches is often a loop taking the place of a stitch.

Whenever the expression "throw thread over" is used, remember always to bring the thread forward under the needle first, then throw it over, as many times as may be required, so that the thread will be towards you.

To bind off is to knit off two stitches at a time, one after the other, and then slipping the first over the second, repeating the process as many times as may be necessary. This is done to finish off any article of knitting. In laces binding off forms one edge of each point.

Some knitters use the expression "bind over," or "pass over" holes. A hole is generally made by throwing the thread over the needle so that it will contain two loops. The first of these loops is knit regularly like a stitch, the second is purled.

In the following directions, however, we have said "knit" and "purl" separately, thinking these terms more easily understood.

The following patterns contains only holes made by throwing the thread over twice and knitting two together—exclusive of the herring-bone. Some old-fashioned knitters, as a matter of taste, throw their threads once or three times, and sometimes form holes by taking up one or three stitches; and in binding over a hole, purl two loops instead of one, after knitting the first loop. They also purl instead of knit the stitches forming the holes in the point, but knitting them insures the requisite number of loops upon the needles, as well as gives a certain smoothness.

It is impossible to judge of the effect of knit lace until you have finished several points. The first point always pulls crooked, but it comes right when joined, in sewing on.

The following are some of the best-known patterns, bequeathed us from past generations. We may, from time to time, give others.

OAK-LEAF LACE.—Cast on fourteen stitches.

1st Row. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice and purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice and purl two together. This forms the herring-bone. Next knit one plain, throw thread over twice and knit two together; throw thread over twice and knit two together; knit one plain.

2d. Knit two plain, knit one loop like a stitch, draw threads towards you, and purl the second loop like a stitch; knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit one plain; coming back to herring-bone, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

3d. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit three plain.

4th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit three plain. (The last two rows sound alike, but are actually different.)

5th. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit five plain.

6th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit five plain.

7th. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit seven plain.

8th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit seven plain.

9th. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit fourteen plain.

10th. Bind off, until you have thirteen stitches on the left-hand needle, one on the right. Knit, five plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

This completes one scallop.

BABY-POINTS.—Cast on fourteen stitches.

1st Row. Knit three plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, knit two together, throw thread over twice, knit two together, throw thread over twice, knit two together; knit one plain.

2d. Knit two plain, knit one loop; draw thread forward, purl one loop; knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit two plain, throw

thread over twice, purl two together; knit three plain.

3d. Knit three plain; throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit twelve plain.

4th. Bind off until you have thirteen stitches on left-hand needle, one on right; knit eight plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit three plain.

This completes one baby-point.

STRAWBERRY PATTERN.—Cast on nine stitches.

1st Row. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, knit two together; knit one plain.

2d. Knit two plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

3d. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit six plain.

4th. Knit six plain; throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

5th. Knit two plain; throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, knit two together; throw thread over twice, knit two together.

6th. Knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit one plain; knit one loop, purl one loop; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

7th. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit eight plain.

8th. Knit eight plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

9th. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain, throw thread over twice, knit two together; throw thread over twice, knit two together; throw thread over twice, knit two together.

10th. Knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit one plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit two plain; throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

11th. Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit eleven plain.

12th. Bind off, until you have eight stitches on the left-hand needle, one on the right. Knit four plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit two plain.

This completes one point, or strawberry. It may be varied as follows, so as to give a smaller point, containing three holes:

Knit as directed up to the seventh row inclusive.

8th Row. Bind off, until you have eight stitches on one row, one on the other. Knit four plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together, knit two plain.

This is sometimes called the "Little Strawberry Pattern."

JACOB'S LADDER.—Cast on ten stitches.

1st Row. Knit three plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit one plain, throw thread over twice and knit two together; knit two plain.

2d. Knit three plain, knit one loop, purl one loop; knit one plain; throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit three plain.

3d. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit two plain.

4th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit two plain.

5th. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit three plain.

6th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit three plain.

7th. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit four plain.

8th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit four plain.

9th. Like 1st, only instead of one plain, knit five plain.

10th. Like 2d, only instead of one plain, knit five plain.

11th. Knit three plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together; knit ten plain.

12th. Bind off, until you have nine on the left-hand needle, one on the right. Knit four plain, throw thread over twice, purl two together, knit three plain. This completes one point.

We believe that those who carefully follow the above directions will be able to understand how to make the various kinds of lace, without the help of illustrations. M. B. H.

Notes and Comments.

The Society to Encourage Studies at Home.

MANY of our readers already know of this useful institution. But the good work which it has done entitles it to a special notice.

The object of the Society, as set forth in its circular, is, "To induce young ladies to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind. Even if the time devoted daily to this use is short, much can be accomplished by perseverance; and the habit soon becomes a delightful one. To carry out this purpose, courses of reading and plans of work are arranged, from which ladies may select one or more, according to their taste and leisure; aid is given them from time to time, through directions and advice; and finally, a meeting is held, annually, where the students may meet the managers of the Society."

Appended to this, are the following rules:

1. Ladies joining the Society as student members, must be at least 17 years old.

2. Each member will pay \$2.00 a year at the beginning of the term (or, if entering late, the same for the remainder of the term), to meet expenses of printing, postage, etc. Fees must be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Check, or the risk is with the sender. No fees returned. One fee suffices for any number of courses, but students are not allowed to take more than one subject in the beginning.

3. Members will be expected to devote a regular amount of time each day, or each week, to their work, but no definite task is prescribed.

4. The term for correspondence will be from October 1st to June 1st. Past students, rejoining, will be expected to apply before January 1st, that is, before the fourth month of the term. The term will be closed in June by a meeting in Boston, to which all the students will be invited.

5. Any lady wishing to join the Society, as a student, can procure a programme of studies from the Secretary. All applications to be made in writing, by mail. When she has selected the branch, or branches she wishes to pursue, she will inform the Secretary of her choice, pay the fee, and receive whatever directions are necessary for entering on the course she has selected. She will then be informed to whom she is expected to report her progress monthly.

6. Pains will be taken to recommend works

that can be easily obtained, as students will usually procure them for themselves, and they are advised to consult their assigned correspondents if they wish to purchase. Book Clubs and Public Libraries will make the more expensive volumes accessible. Necessary books will be loaned by the Society (on order of the assigned correspondents only), with a charge of one-half-cent a day, and postage returning. Small collections for the study of mineralogy and geology are also furnished to students. Students who have continued two or more years with the Society can have special privileges in the use of books. For particulars inquire of the Secretary.

The programme of studies embraces six principal courses, each of which is sub-divided into sections. The courses are, 1st, History; 2d, Science; 3d, Art; 4th, German Literature; 5th, French Literature; 6th, English Literature. These will be varied for individual students, at the discretion of the ladies in charge of the correspondence; but no other courses are offered, as these include the chief branches of a liberal education.

The Society is about eight years old. It has grown constantly, both in influence and numbers, until to-day, its members and students are scattered everywhere throughout the length and breadth of our land, and even beyond its borders. To re-apply an old expression, "it meets a want long felt." It reaches intelligent women that could be brought under good educational discipline in no other way—those remote from centres of civilization; those in danger of being overburdened by family cares; those dependent upon their own exertions for support, who need some stimulus to employ their leisure profitably; and those with abundance of time, but not sufficient knowledge to use it wisely. It may supplement school-studies for those who have enjoyed early advantages; or take their place for those who have not.

A glance at the Society's Annual Report discloses many points of interest. One is, the great diversity in the circumstances of the students. Some live in homes of wealth, surrounded by every luxury; some find existence a constant battle. One in particular wrote from a remote village in Kansas, in which fuel was so scarce that her family were reduced to one fire for all purposes, while she wrote upon brown wrapping-paper because no other could be procured. Perhaps she

did not know her example might encourage others, who have like obstacles with which to contend. Another point is, the unanimity with which the students express their enthusiasm over the Society's wonderful work. All declare themselves personally benefited, while now and then one announces it as her purpose to study all her life. Of the very large number admitted to membership, only a few have dropped off. It may be remarked that, while the Society was originally organized for "young ladies," it has always welcomed and aided older women, even quite elderly ones.

A special good work done by the association, aside from its valuable instruction, was calling the attention of its students to the subject of health. The ladies in charge of the correspondence found their progress greatly hindered by physiological neglect and ignorance among those under their charge, and so issued a pamphlet, which every one ought to read. A copy will be sent to any one by the Secretary, on receipt of five cents.

The remarkable success of this Society induced some friend to form a similar one for young men. This will most likely, if possible, prove even more valuable than the old one, as young men, especially those living in large cities and employed during the day, are more liable to get into mischief in the evening than young women similarly situated. Men invalids, too, may be benefited by it, as they generally have fewer resources than disabled women. In short, it is safe to assume a large field of usefulness before this new organization, for there is always, in every community, a class of intelligent persons whom the ordinary methods of education cannot help. These two Societies have the same chairman, and are governed by much the same rules.

The chairman is S. Elist, 44 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass. Secretary and treasurer, Miss A. E. Ticknor, 9 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Longfellow.

FROM among the many tender and beautiful tributes of the press to the memory of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, we take the following:

"The purity of Mr. Longfellow's thoughts," says the *London Times*, "his affinity with all that is noblest in human nature, his unflinching command of refined, harmonious language, will continue to draw readers, notwithstanding the judgment of critics that he was not a poet of the very first rank. It will seem to many that his death marks the close of a distinct era of American literature. One cannot readily point to worthy successors of the brilliant group to which he belonged."

From the *Philadelphia Press*: "Death changes nothing. But it is of vital consequence and an enduring gain that through the generations in which men will continue to speak, as to-day, in the past tense, of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the influence of a great name in literature will be felt for all good. The sneer at the moral purpose of his poetry which Poe leveled at the young poet became Longfellow's crown. English literature is full of lives, sweet, tender and beautiful—it is the privilege of its pure stream to be fed from pure fountains; but among them all his life will

be of purest ray serene. He touched level with its best, the broad circle of experience, aspiration and affection common to the great core of humanity which rests satisfied on simple joys and an upright life."

From the *London Telegraph*: "The place Longfellow occupies in English literature is decidedly bright. He is almost as well known and widely read in England as in America. His influence has been wholly good. As long as the English language lasts his works will be quoted as models of simplicity of style and purity of thought. Death has taken America's greatest literary son."

Milton on His Blindness.

MR. EDITOR: Opposite the frontispiece in the March number of ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE you have published the poem "Milton on His Blindness," but have omitted the writer's name. It was written, I believe, many years ago, by Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd Howell, an aged Quaker lady of Philadelphia, herself blind. The poem was first published anonymously, and the author remained for some time unknown. At length it was given to the world in the Oxford edition of Milton's poems, as a posthumous work of the great poet himself, whereupon Mrs. Howell's friends advised her to acknowledge its authorship. This is why the poem is so much better known than its writer's name, and why it has been so variously credited, as well as so often printed, as it first appeared, anonymously.

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(1) Diapason Forte, (2) SUB-BASS, (3) Principal Forte, (4) Dulcet, (5) Diapason, (6) Orchestral Forte, (7) Vox Humana, (8) Piccolo, (9) Violina, (10) Vox Jubilante, (11) Vox Argentina, (12) Eolian, (13) Echo, (14) Dulciana, (15) Clarinet, (16) Vox Celeste, (17) Coupler Harmonique, (18) Flute Forte, (19) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (20) French Horn Solo, (21) Right

Knee Stop, (22) Grand Organ Knee Swell

If you buy only Organs that contain Octave Coupler and Sub-Bass, they double the power of the instrument. It has one manual, two knee stops, carved, turned and polished handles, two (2) lamp stands of unique design, carved and veneered music pocket, artistic fret-work music rack, ornamental front slip, paneled sliding fall with lock, Solid Black-Walnut Case, carved in most ornate style, beautiful large top as shown in cut, upright rubber cloth bellows, steel springs, metal foot plates, rollers for moving, etc. Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 46 in.; Weight, boxed, 400 lbs. NEW STYLE, No. 18,000.

This Organ is entirely New and Novel, and produces charming orchestral effects with great beauty of tone and variety. The Vox Jubilante, Vox Argentina, Piccolo, French Horn and other Solo effects are grand and effective and cannot be duplicated at anywhere near the money asked by any other manufacturer. The case is an extremely popular style and is solid and rich and very stylish.

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COMPOUND OXYGEN.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

"SPLENDID RESULTS."

This is the decided affirmation of a gentleman in Troy, New York, after a month's trial of Compound Oxygen in his family, and the reader will agree with him after perusing the following account of the benefits received by the different members of his household. The great improvements in his wife's condition, after so brief a period of inhalation, is very remarkable indeed.

"My wife had much soreness in her lungs, and a constant depressed feeling, as if a weight were laid upon them. We had just buried a daughter who had been nearly a year sick with consumption, and constant care of her produced these injurious results. I felt much worried in consequence. *Four days' use of the Treatment, and the appetite began to mend. Two weeks' and she felt like a different person. The soreness has almost entirely disappeared, and she can breathe deeper now than she has been able to do for years, goes out in all-weather, and is able to do an amount of 'Christmas shopping' that is very trying to my pocket-book, and I have suggested that she discontinue your Treatment for awhile, in the interest of said pocket-book.*

"Besides my wife, other members of the family have used it as a general tonic, with splendid results, and the verdict rendered by the family at large is, that it is a grand success. We are freely recommending it to others in whom we feel an interest. One of my children, a boy of twelve, always had weak urinary organs, which gave him much trouble nights. Since using the inhaler, he is entirely free of that trouble, and again we say it is a success. The whole family (except myself) have used it daily now about one month, and the bottle is not half emptied. *Cheap as well as good.*"

FROM A CLERGYMAN SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

A clergyman in Cleveland, O., seventy-one years of age, who had preached regularly nearly every Sunday for over fifteen years, says, in a letter dated February 8th, 1882, a few weeks after commencing the use of Compound Oxygen:

"My strength was equal to the work until about a year ago, when I began to fail, and had come to the conclusion that my work if not my life, was nearly at an end. *But now I am quite a new man; yea, the revitalizer has introduced new life into my almost dead organs.* I can say that I am well, with the exception of a little soreness in my throat. Allow me to give thanks, first to God, and then to you, for this blessed hour of health."

"SOMETHING WONDERFUL."

A lady who had suffered for ten years with severe *Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration*, and frequent attacks of Malaria, writes, after using two Treatments of Compound Oxygen:

"*My improvement since last May has been something wonderful, and I feel it a duty and pleasure to acknowledge it to you privately. Though I do not wish my name used as a testimonial, I am always happy to recommend the use of Oxygen, as I have already done frequently to my friends.*"

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.

BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH.

A lady in Des Moines, Iowa, who had suffered for many years with *Neuralgia, Catarrh and Bronchitis* makes the following report as to the effect of Compound Oxygen in her case:

"I ought to have made my report sooner, but, have waited until this time, hoping to be able to say, that the *Neuralgia* which has troubled me so long, was much less. I am somewhat better of it, but feel it more or less every day. *My Catarrh is better than has been in eight years, think your remedy will cure me of it entirely. My lungs are stronger, and I think I can fully inflate them now. The bronchial trouble is all gone.* * * * I am pleased with the results of the trial of your remedy and shall persevere in its use. Hoping it will benefit me as well in *Neuralgia* as in *Catarrh*. I have consulted a great many physicians and tried various remedies, but none have ever cured me of *Neuralgia*. If your remedy does not, I shall think it incurable."

GAIN IN MANY WAYS.

A gentleman in Alabama gives the following as the favorable changes made in his condition after using the Oxygen Treatment for a few weeks:

"I have now been using the Compound Oxygen three weeks, and report that *it has done me great good, although I am by no means cured. Before taking it, I had not had a good refreshing night's sleep for months, and since, I have not had a bad one.* It has controlled the action of my heart in a great measure yet I am still annoyed with a constant realization of the size and purpose of the organ—have now, however, no palpitations. My indigestion is slightly, if any, relieved. *Tenderness in my spine greatly relieved.* Pain over the region of my right kidneys was quite severe when I would rise mornings from my bed, but hardly a tinge since. No impression on the ringing in my ears. In justice to the Oxygen, I must say that its good effects on me, I am sure, would be more marked but for the tobacco I use, for I can realize the battle between the good and evil."

"ACTED LIKE MAGIC."

In a case of *Asthma*, we have the following report from a gentleman in Waupun, Wisconsin:

"It is now three weeks since I began using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and the results are as follows: *My asthma has disappeared entirely. Have not had an attack from the first day I began using it. It acted like magic.* * * * I am thankful to you for the relief your Treatment has given me, and the most I can say at present is, that it is a wonderful reliever of those choking spells one has who is affected with *Asthma*."

A LIFE SAVED.

In a letter from a lady in Connell Grove, Kansas, the writer says:

"I have used your Oxygen at times for nearly three years for lung trouble. Am nearly well now, and feel that it has saved my life, as the disease is hereditary, and has been for generations in our family, and I am the first one who has recovered after being attacked."